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PHOTOGRAPH: ERIK MADIGAN HECK

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COVER LOOK Matelassé dress, £3,500, Erdem. Leather heels, £445, Paul Andrew. Tights, £6, Jonathan Aston. Galaxy S6 Edge in Black Sapphire, Samsung. Styled by Leith Clark. Hair by Seb Bascle at ArtList. Make-up by Polly Osmond at Premier, using Chanel S 2015 and Body Excellence. Manicure by Sabrina Gayle at LMC Worldwide, using Chanel S 2015 and Body Excellence Hand Cream. Model: Naty Chabanenko at Next Management. Photograph by Erik Madigan Heck

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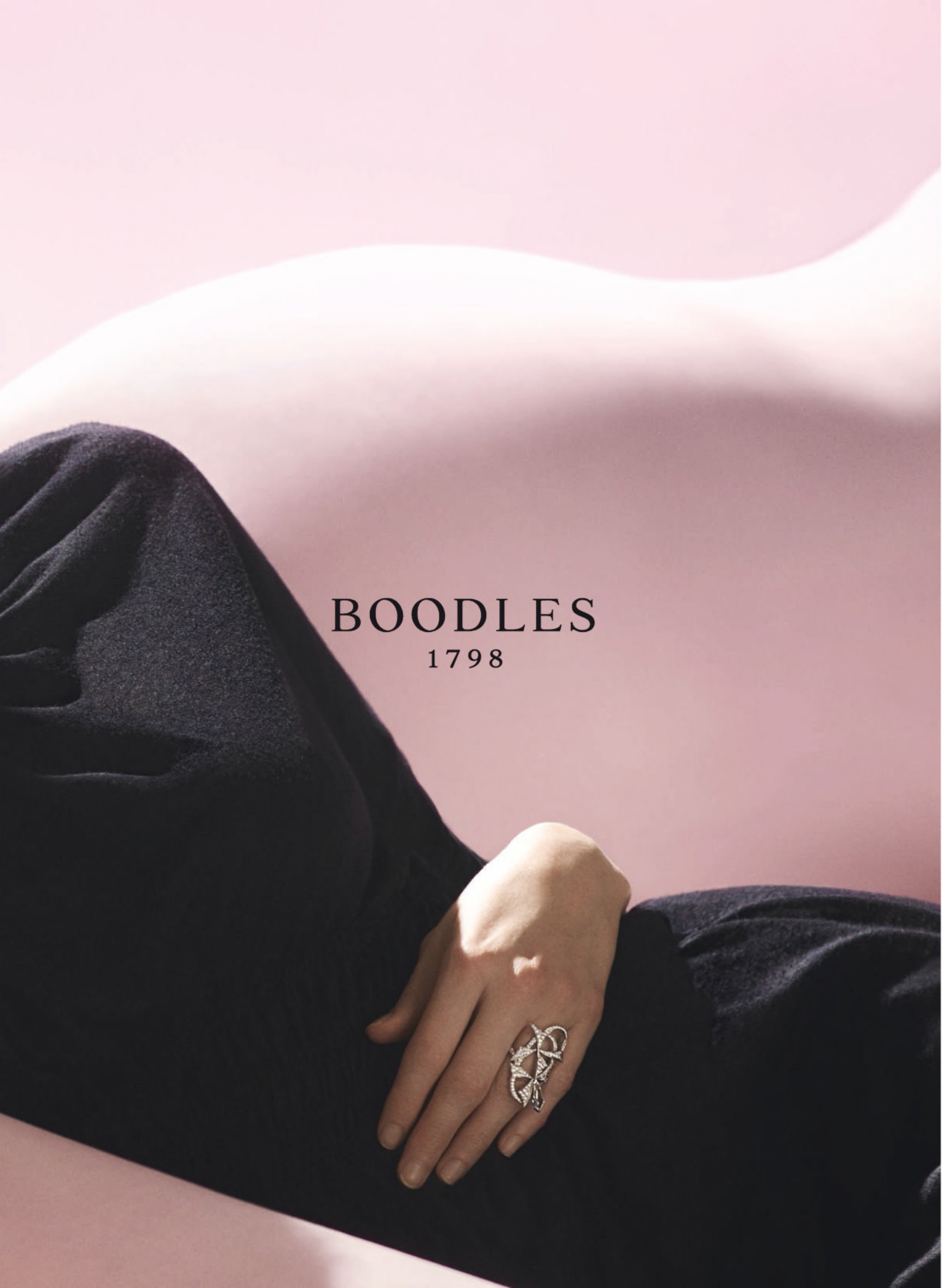
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THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE



Bottega Veneta looks from 'The collections' fashion story (page 90). Left: Bazaar's 'Catzwalk report' (page 61)

'For every minute you are angry you lose 60 seconds of happiness,' said the 19th-century American author Ralph Waldo Emerson; a simple yet remarkably striking observation that has just stopped me feeling irked by an unimportant matter, on a day when the sun is shining and the sky is blue. In an era of ceaseless digital communication, sometimes it helps to pause for a moment, and opt for more leisurely enjoyments.



Certainly, the August edition of *Bazaar* tends to be one in which we allow ourselves to dream; and this issue is true to that tradition. Thus, the new-season collections are celebrated in a gloriously imaginative portfolio by one of our favourite photographers, Erik Madigan Heck (page 90). We've also taken the time to contemplate the world around us: from the creative effect of smartphones on fashion (page 134), to more traditional forms of art and literature, including a retracing of John Steinbeck's famous journey to Positano, which remains as beautiful as it was when the author wrote about this Italian idyll for *Harper's Bazaar* in 1953 (page 164).

Elsewhere in the issue, we explore several other paths to contentment (page 138); and share the bliss of a newly discovered Nancy Mitford short story (page 146), republished here for the first time since it appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* in August 1931. To quote Mitford, from *The Pursuit of Love*, I wish you the three pleasures of summer: 'Sun, silence, and happiness…'



Justine Picardie

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EDITOR'S PICKS

I'm very much looking forward to being a guest at a family wedding this month, which calls for elegant summer dressing; hence my choice of these subtle, sophisticated Max Mara separates and rose-toned accessories; plus a Longines watch, to make sure that I get to the church on time...



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From left: Dasha Gold, Lera Tribel and Dani Witt

The Next girls

Celebrating its 25th birthday this year, Next Model Management has overseen the careers of Arizona Muse, Suki Waterhouse and Jaime King. Established in New York, the global modelling agency quickly expanded into the key markets of London, Paris, Milan, Los Angeles and Miami. All three of the models in this month's story on the new-season collections (page 90) are represented by Next Model Management.

Dasha Gold

Guaranteed cheer-up song
'"Get Lucky" by Daft Punk.'
What sentence makes you smile?
'Life is simple, it's just people who make it complicated.'
Favourite 'happily ever after' icon
'Self-made-success stories.'

Lera Tribel

Happiness is...
'waking up in the morning to sunlight and birdsong.'
What sentence makes you smile?
'Don't worry, be happy.'
Your feel-good outfit
'A T-shirt, trousers and sneakers.'

Dani Witt

Your happy place
'My house in the south of Brazil.'
Favourite 'happily ever after' icon
'Cinderella.'
What sentence makes you smile?
'I love you.'



Lydia Slater

Previously features editor of this magazine, Lydia Slater has gone on to write for *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph*'s *Stella*. As well as contributing regularly to *Bazaar*, she is now editor of *The Week: Fashion*, and of *Something About Magazine*. For this issue, she spent six months testing out the latest research on happiness (page 138). She lives in London with her family and a new dog, acquired as a result of her study.
Happiness is... 'lying between freshly ironed, lavender-scented linen sheets, reading PG Wodehouse.'
Your happy place 'Riding on horseback along Holkham Bay.'
Guaranteed cheer-up song '"Boum" by Charles Trenet.'



Diablo Cody

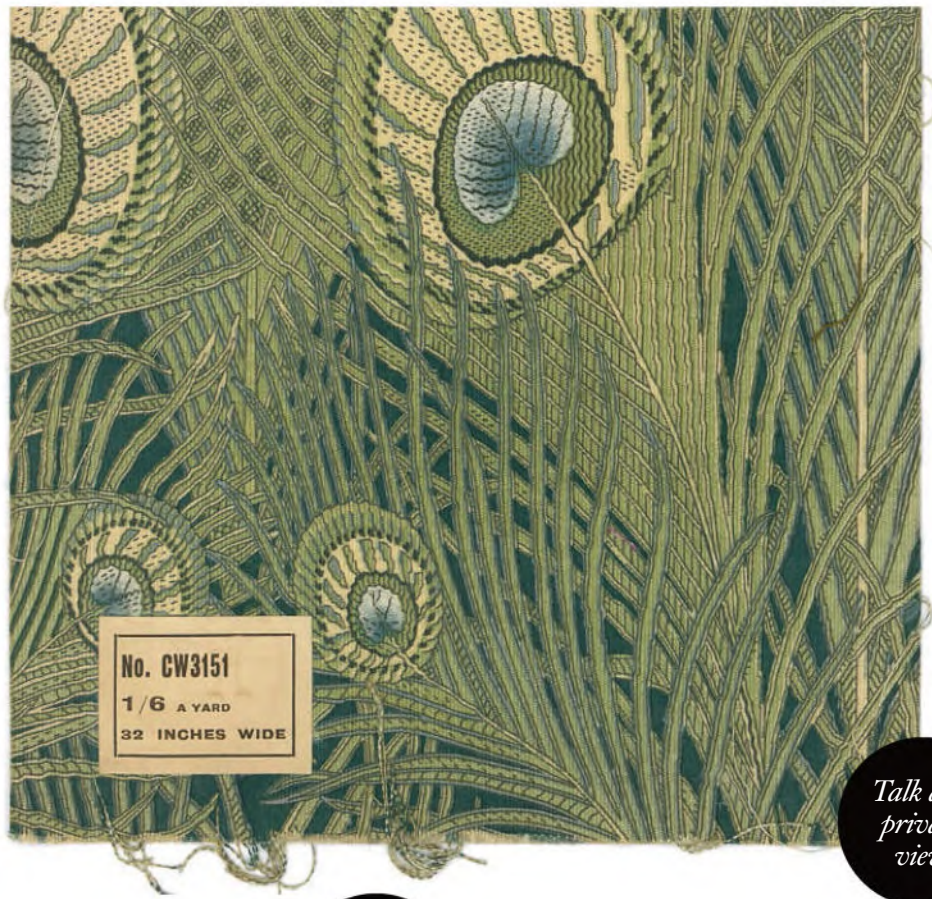
In 'Happiness is…' (page 79), the screenwriter, producer and director reveals the joy of working with Meryl Streep and her daughter Mamie Gummer on her new film *Ricki and the Flash*, out this month. Cody's debut script for the 2007 film *Juno*, starring Ellen Page, earned her the Oscar and Bafta for Original Screenplay.
Your feel-good outfit 'A nerdy little dress, cardigan and Birkenstocks.'
What sentence makes you smile? '"In the midst of winter, I found there was, within me, an invincible summer" – Camus.'

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Liberty in Fashion

Talk and private view

On 15 October, join *Bazaar* for a private view of the new 'Liberty in Fashion' showcase at the Fashion and Textile Museum. The show explores the store's impact on British fashion, from Orientalism in the 19th century to art deco in the 20th. It will focus on Liberty's textile-design studio and its collaborations with labels including Jean Muir and Yves Saint Laurent. Tickets cost £50, and include a subscription, a goodie bag, a Nyetimber drinks reception and the chance to hear *Bazaar*'s Justine Picardie in conversation with experts from Liberty and the museum.

LAPADA

Art fair and debate

As part of the LAPADA Art and Antiques Fair, *Harper's Bazaar* and Rebecca Davies, the CEO of LAPADA, are hosting a debate with some of the country's foremost fine-jewellery dealers, who will discuss the joys of collecting and reveal the secrets of their trade. Tickets to the event on 22 September cost £50, which includes entrance to the fair, a year's subscription to *Bazaar* and a goodie bag.



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From scarlet women to ethereal Victoriana, via neon brights, bold tweeds and haute bohemia – the new season has a cut and colour to suit any mood and moment

Edited by AVRIL MAIR

PHOTOGRAPHS: IMAXTREE, JASON LLOYD-EVANS, CATWALKING.COM, GETTY IMAGES, SHUTTERSTOCK; ILLUSTRATION: NICOLE STOLLERY



debutante

A-line minis, baby-doll dresses, neat little skirt suits, princess coats, shiny shoes, hair slides, opera gloves and diamanté brooches: if Mrs Prada says it's OK, then this season we can all embrace a sweet dolly chic. Although these clothes are clichés of a certain kind of dressing, their heightened femininity also carries an undoubted, unironic charm.



graphic monochrome

From block colour to bold print via spots, stripes, chevrons, chequerboard and psychedelic swirls, monochrome is most definitely in this season. Don't underestimate the power of a straightforward black and white look: there is drama in graphic simplicity.

PHOTOGRAPHS: IMAXTREE, JASON LLOYD-EVANS, CATWALKING.COM, GETTY IMAGES. ILLUSTRATIONS: NICOLE STOLLERY



Atticchic

Modern vintage would be one way to describe this, perhaps the season's most compelling trend. It's a treasure-trove of pieces that might have been plucked straight from granny's attic: luxurious, mismatched, gloriously individualistic and piled together in a riot of colour and texture and print. The look is cool and seemingly unconsidered – your muse here is Margot Tenenbaum, and the aim is a pleasingly quirky chic.

PHOTOGRAPHS: IMAXTREE, CATWALKING.COM, JASON LLOYD-EVANS, GETTY IMAGES; ILLUSTRATIONS: NICOLE STOLLERY



Think pink! Or, perhaps, red… From the soft blush of baby bootees through to fierce fuchsia and the faded scarlet of roses past their prime, these are the shades of this season. Wear as a simple wash of colour or mixed up together: it's A/W 15's prettiest trend.



high priestess

Even though this is a season for maximalists, those who look for restraint in fashion can still find it. A certain austere purity ran through some collections: sweeping skirts, demure necklines, cuffs clasping wrists, trousers hemlines reaching the floor. Unsurprisingly, this cool, covered-up elegance comes largely from female designers – Phoebe Philo may be reconsidering minimalism but others in the sisterhood are not.



PHOTOGRAPHS: IMAXTREE, JASON LLOYD-EVANS, CATWALKING.COM, GETTY IMAGES. ILLUSTRATIONS: NICOLE STOLLERY

tweed

There may be something very British about the beauty of sensible clothes – but this is tweed given a radical remix. A heritage fabric, sure, but reinvented for A/W 15 in every possible colour combination. From green and mustard to heather-pink and baby-blue through to neon brights that will surely startle the horses, there's nothing country casual about this trend.

Victoriana



Did someone ask for drama? From barely-there white gowns in fluttering chiffon and delicately embroidered lace, to the gothic glamour of floor-sweeping skirts and dresses in shades as black as night, Victoriana provided both ethereal romance and wild beauty for A/W 15. Too much? A high-necked long-sleeved blouse in a tissue-fine fabric is your subtle nod to the trend.



PHOTOGRAPHS: IMAXTREE, JASON LLOYD-EVANS, CATWALKING.COM, SHUTTERSTOCK, GETTY IMAGES. ILLUSTRATIONS: NICOLE STOLLERY

popcolour

Harder, sharper, bolder: the odd, off-colours that have been such a feature of the past several seasons are propelled into A/W 15 with a neon remix. Unlikely combinations – purple and orange, green and yellow – are accompanied by equally unconventional prints: optic and angular, abstract, graphic. For those of an adventurous nature, these clothes are your very own work of art.



PHOTOGRAPHS: IMAXTREE, CATWALKING.COM, JASON LLOYD-EVANS, GETTY IMAGES, SHUTTERSTOCK. ILLUSTRATIONS: NICOLE STOLLERY



Sometimes it seems that nostalgia for the Seventies will never, ever end. Spring's defining aesthetic takes another trip – this time it isn't Woodstock given a Coachella remix, but more about an artistic, bohemian, globetrotting eclecticism that's turned out some lovely long dresses in sumptuous fabrics. Peace, love and floor-length velvet are always in.



If your favourite look is shiny, there are rich pickings to be found this season. Sequins, crystals, brocade, Lurex, lamé and glittering paillettes: for A/W 15, more is definitely more. From simple pieces in exquisite evening fabrics through to hand-crafted embellishments with an almost couture level of skill and sophistication, fashion magpies will be well dressed. □

PHOTOGRAPHS: IMAXTREE, CATWALKING.COM, GETTY IMAGES.
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The future revealed: your essential guide to AUGUST *By* PETER WATSON

LEO

24 July – 23 August

As family or domestic responsibilities get in the way of your personal life, you'll have to make a difficult choice. But it's one that you've no doubt been avoiding for too long. Unless you can put yourself first from this point on, you're likely to end up resenting those who make unfair demands on you and your time.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *A crowd is not company.*

VIRGO

24 August – 23 September

Try not to obsess over petty details, especially with Jupiter entering your sign on 11 August. You're about to become involved in a situation that will require you to take a holistic view of what's going on. You won't have time to spare on areas that will sap your energy and yield virtually nothing in return.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *All the easy problems have already been solved.*

LIBRA

24 September – 23 October

It may be necessary to disabuse certain people of the idea that you'll bankroll a project designed to benefit them enormously. They need to understand that you have commitments of your own to deal with, and that they've misinterpreted your relationship with them and what they're likely to get out of it in material terms. Put them straight.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *When we're hungry, everything tastes good.*

SCORPIO

24 October – 22 November

Much as you might want to be perceived as go-getting, you wouldn't like anyone to think you'll push others out of the way to get what you need. You should make sure that equality and fairness are your main priorities, even when you're operating within a competitive field. You have a reputation to protect.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *Asking costs nothing.*

SAGITTARIUS

23 November – 21 December

Refuse to lose faith in yourself or those with whom you're collaborating. True, you'll be taking on a project that could present huge challenges. But, with Mercury at a potent point in your chart between 7 and 27 August, you'll have the ear of those who know what you need and how you can go about getting it.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *Nothing is as burdensome as a secret.*

CAPRICORN

22 December – 20 January

Business, property or financial conundrums must be approached logically. Don't allow others to encourage you to act irrationally. You'll be feeling the impact of Saturn at odds with Mercury and Venus. Focus on the positive factors and disregard negative ones.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *The nearest helping hand is at the end of your arm.*

AQUARIUS

21 January – 19 February

Respond positively to activity requiring you to join forces with someone whose aims are similar to yours. Once you quell your nerves and tell yourself you have whatever it takes to do well, there should be no holding you back. You may have doubted your abilities, but your confidence is about to be given a massive boost.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *You don't have to be sick to get better.*

PISCES

20 February – 20 March

If you feel overwhelmed by the responsibilities foisted upon you, rest assured that by mid-August you'll adopt a strategy that will bring the outcomes you need. Turn your attention to a romantic entanglement or relationship that's also been craving attention. Stay calm, speak from the heart and trust your judgement.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *Achievement starts with believing.*

ARIES

21 March – 20 April

People criticising you for spending on romantic or entertaining pursuits cannot know you very well. They don't realise that not only do you need some pleasant distractions from time to time, but that you know how to avoid running into debt. Distance yourself from one individual who fails to see your pragmatic streak.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *Learn from yesterday, live for today, hope for tomorrow.*

TAURUS

21 April – 21 May

Few of the battles cropping up on the home or family front will be worth fighting. So refuse to let Jupiter's tussle with Saturn early in August bring out an aggressive part of you. You'll gain enormous respect by showing how tolerant you can be when some misguided individuals go on the attack.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *If you serve two masters, you'll have to lie to one.*

GEMINI

22 May – 21 June

Areas of work or responsibility that have been difficult to access are becoming available to you. But that doesn't mean you should approach them with so much vigour that you've little time left for anything else. What is about to unfold will remind you that only you can decide who or what must be your main priority.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *Your friends say it all.*

CANCER

22 June – 23 July

Budgets may have to be adhered to, but you shouldn't penny-pinch. Make it clear to workmates or friends that there's little point in pursuing a common goal unless certain resources are available. If it becomes clear that you're perceived as irresponsible or wasteful, you may have to rethink your options.

MOTTO OF THE MONTH *A passion for order can poison the soul.*

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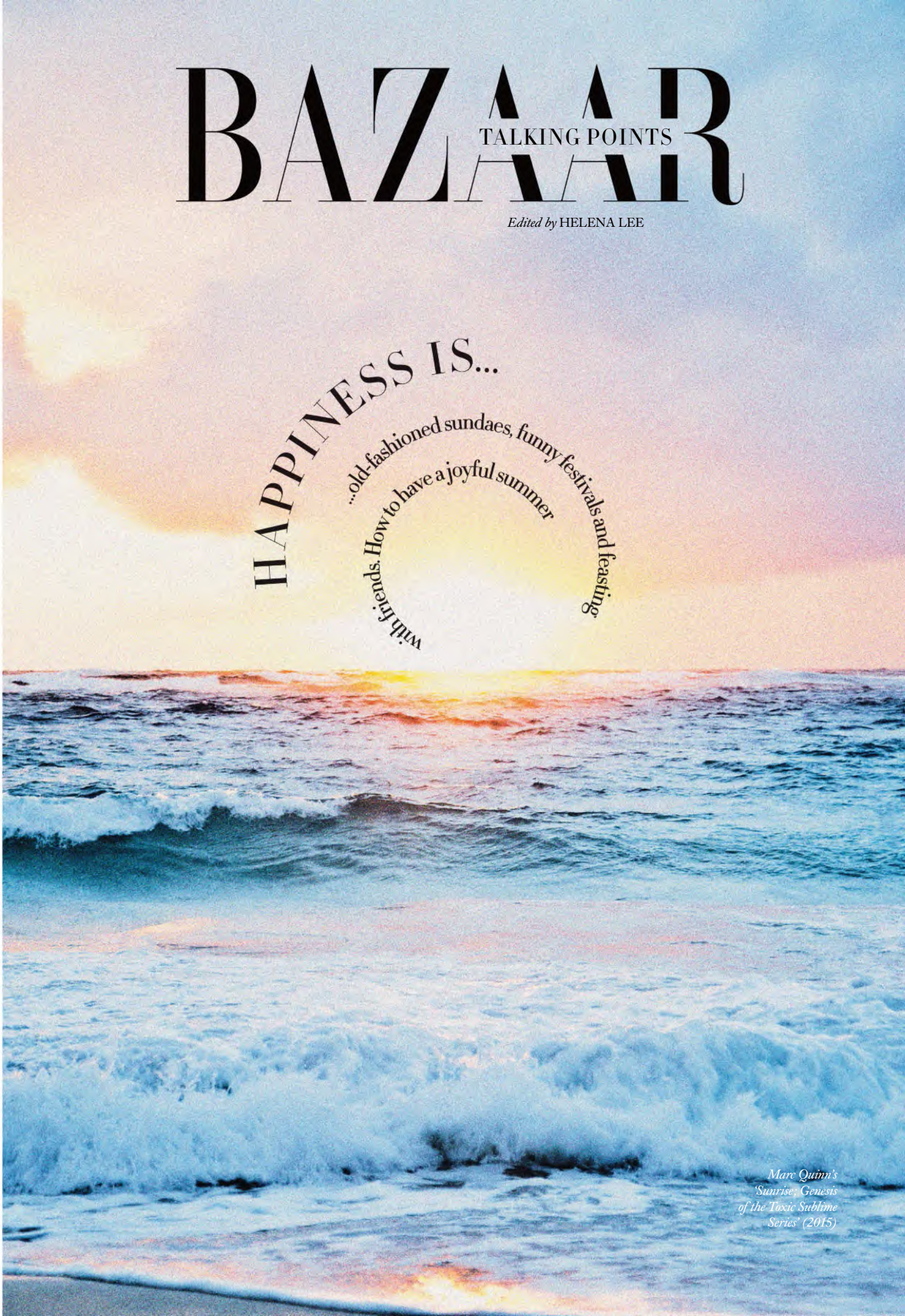
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BAZAAR

TALKING POINTS

Edited by HELENA LEE



Marc Quinn's 'Sunrise', Genesis of the Toxic Sublime Series' (2015)

PHOTOGRAPH: © AND COURTESY OF MARC QUINN STUDIO



Below: Marc Quinn in his studio. Right: a detail from 'The Toxic Sublime' (2015)



1 A SUNRISE

The trailblazing Marc Quinn is back, bolder than ever and subverting scenes of daybreak

By SOPHIE ELMHIRST

Marc Quinn's outfit is more apocalypse than artist: white boiler suit, gas mask, black steel-capped boots. You could go to war in this get-up, diffuse a bomb. Instead, Quinn is in his studio making paintings of a sunrise (with toxic spray-paint, hence the garb). A sunrise – that great cliché of holiday photography, the shortcut to beauty. But Quinn's version, in the form it will take at the White Cube gallery in Bermondsey this summer, is not your typical sunrise.

The original photograph, taken by Quinn on a Caribbean beach one morning, has been printed onto a canvas, painted over, sanded down, layered with chains and ropes and painted again, taken outside and laid on a grimy London street and painted yet again, then fixed to aluminium and stamped on so it is bent out of shape. The final work looks like something you might find in a skip – scrap metal from a smashed-up car. 'Wreckage,' says Quinn, proudly.

Quinn has always enjoyed this terrain, the strange interplay between the natural and artificial. The work that made him famous, *Self*, was a sculpture of his head made from his own blood, shown in the 'Sensation' exhibition in 1997. It announced Quinn as a leading member of the Young British Artists and assured his future success. Since then he's made psychedelic paintings of flowers, marble statues of transsexuals and sculpted supermodels (Kate Moss in a reveal-absolutely-all yoga pose). Now, he's turned his attention to landscapes.

Nature used to feature in painting as something pure, untouched. But pastoral bliss might seem absurd today: we've meddled too much with our planet, trodden over every square inch. 'There's always a plane in the top left-hand corner,' says Quinn. His paintings start with a view that shows nature at its most idealised and desirable: the sun climbing in a blue sky over the sea. And then he destroys that view, infuses it with the dirt and grime of a London street, leaves his very human mark.

The White Cube show will also include sculptures Quinn has made of shell fragments he's found on beaches. Not whole, perfect shells, but smoothed lumps, worn down by waves. He's magnified them and had them cast in stainless steel. The results are vast and creature-like – a sleeping rhinoceros, a giant slug. Their textures are sensual – one side rough, like ancient skin, the other smooth so it appears liquid, reflecting and alive in the light. 'You almost want to jump in, don't you,' he says.

There's no overt lesson here, no environmental campaign – though Quinn admits that climate change concerns him more now he's older and has children (two, with the writer Georgia Byng). But more than anything, he's intrigued by what we've done as a species. 'Damage,' as he puts it. Damage that creates a beauty of its own. 'If you were standing on a beach,' he says, 'and a nuclear explosion happened, there'd be that beautiful moment in the cloud and you'd be torn between, "Isn't that amazing!" and, "Help, we're about to die".'

Marc Quinn's 'The Toxic Sublime' is at White Cube Bermondsey (www.whitecube.com) from 15 July.







Far right: Quinn's 'Found Sea Shell; Genesis of the Broken Sublime Series (2015)

2 FEASTING

Summon the spirit of generosity by eating with friends. Be inspired by Rosie Birkett's vibrant *A Lot On Her Plate* (£25, Hardie Grant; left) and serve up platters of figs with gorgonzola and toasted almonds; offer plentiful salads bejewelled with radishes from *A Girl and Her Greens* by April Bloomfield (£25, Canongate; top left); and learn the secret to sheer joy with Jason Atherton's recipe for sticky toffee pudding in *Social Sweets* (£25, Bloomsbury). HELENA LEE

PHOTOGRAPHS: © AND COURTESY OF MARC QUINN STUDIO; © THE ESTATE OF JEANLOUP SIEFF; © FONDATION PIERRE BERGÉ-YVES SAINT LAURENT/MAURICE HOGENBOOM, COURTESY OF THE BOWES MUSEUM, BENOIT GYSEMBERGH/PARIS MATCH VIA GETTY IMAGES, GRAHAM WALSER/HEARST STUDIOS







Above: Agatha Christie at her Devon holiday home Greenway in 1946. Right: Burgh Island. Left: an Yves Saint Laurent dress, and below, Marina Schiano wearing a dress from A/W 70. Bottom left: the designer in 1964

4

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

It's 125 years since the birth of the Queen of Crime and, unlike so many of her fictional characters who fall foul of bullets and champagne laced with cyanide, Agatha Christie lives on. She comes second only to Shakespeare as the world's bestselling author, with four billion copies of her 85 books sold. Should your library need an update, Harper Collins has new anniversary editions (£7.99 each), and this July, David Walliams and Jessica Raine take on those plucky Christie sleuths Tommy and Tuppence Beresford on BBC One. But to fully immerse yourself in a 1950s world of mysterious plots, hidden wills and long-lost nephews, visit Greenway, her holiday home on the River Dart. Or hold your nerve for a trip to Devon's Burgh Island, the atmospheric setting for *Evil Under The Sun* and my diabolical personal favourite *And Then There Were None.* SASHA SLATER

3

ETERNAL STYLE

The Bowes Museum and Fondation Pierre Bergé–Yves Saint Laurent join forces for the first retrospective in Britain of the late designer's work. Fifty garments make the journey from Paris to County Durham, including pieces from the Russian Collection, the Mondrian dresses and the Tuxedo.

'Yves Saint Laurent: Style is Eternal' is on from 11 July (www.thebowesmuseum.org.uk). LUCY HALFHEAD



5



A BURST OF COLOUR

A hit at Milan's Salone del Mobile design fair, Philippe Starck's Madame chair for Kartell is now available swathed in four riotous Pucci-scarf prints depicting cityscapes from Paris, Rome, New York and Shanghai. *From about £355 (www.emiliopucci.com).* LH



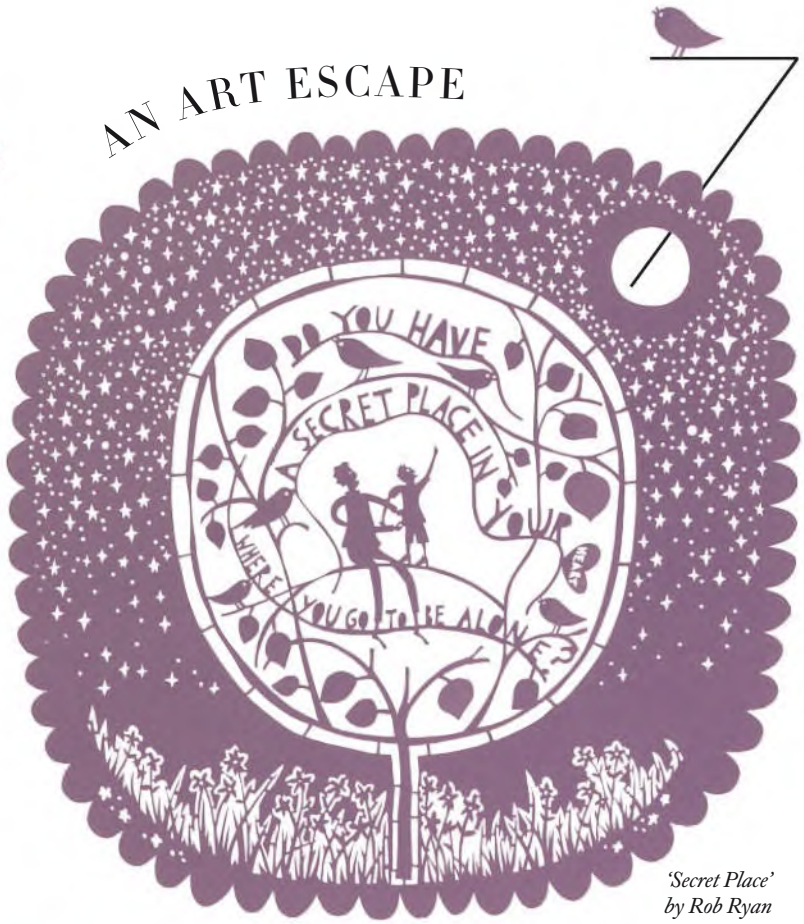
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A GARDEN PARTY

Add a flourish of florals to an outdoor gathering with Coral & Tusk's linen accessories. The collection includes napkins, table runners and cushions embellished with romantic delphiniums and foxgloves. For the finishing touch, decorate each place setting with embroidered pins, which become keepsakes for every guest. *(www.coralandtusk.com)* HL

7

AN ART ESCAPE



'Secret Place' by Rob Ryan

The Yorkshire Sculpture Park looks best in the soft afternoon light, as the sun casts long shadows over installations set in the undulating hills. In the former deer park, walk through the long-running exhibition 'Back to a Land' by the YSP founding patron Henry Moore, then take in his more experimental sculptures, along with the Perspex and steel forms by his pupil Anthony Caro. Indoors, visit the whimsical world of Rob Ryan, whose buying exhibition 'Listen to the World' (from 4 July) features his work from the past six years and reveals his passion for Japanese culture in a maze-like installation made of *noren* (decorative fabric hangings). *(www.ysp.co.uk)* HL

8

BRITISH TALENT

When *The Face of an Angel* director Michael Winterbottom likened Cara Delevingne to Julie Christie, her thespian credentials were secured. This summer, she stars in her first lead role in the indie film *Paper Towns*, as Margo, the enigmatic object of her neighbour Quentin's affections. *Paper Towns is released on 21 August.* HL



PHOTOGRAPHS: SOFIA SANCHEZ AND MAURO MONGIELLO/TRUNK ARCHIVE, COURTESY ROB RYAN AND YORKSHIRE SCULPTURE PARK



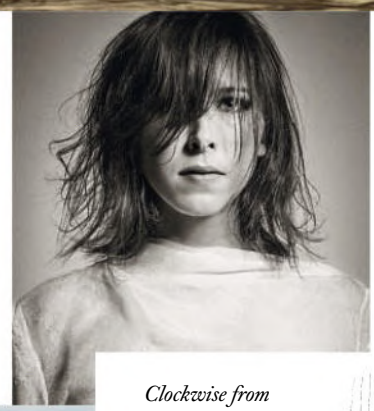
GOING TO THE OPERA

Sophie Hunter gives an operatic gem a dazzling visual makeover

By SASHA SLATER

It's 10 days before Sophie Hunter is due to give birth, but she arrives at a private club in Soho looking fresh, elegant and relaxed. The theatre director exudes poise and confidence, which is lucky, since she is now a red-carpet fixture on the arm of Benedict Cumberbatch, who she wed in February. At awards ceremonies and premieres she favours Erdem, but she married in a 12th-century church on the Isle of Wight in an exquisite soft grey cloud of Valentino lace.

The marriage was a classy affair, but then Hunter is an extremely classy woman. A product of St Paul's Girls' School and Oxford University, she also studied drama at the Jacques Lecoq theatre school in Paris, which gives her patrician cool an international edge. It was there, she says, that she first realised she wanted to direct rather than act. 'To direct, you have to lead and that's the challenge,' she says. 'You're leading a gang, a family. In Paris, the directing bug got me, and the minute I realised I had the ability to inspire other people, I could never let it go.'







Clockwise from top: a Compagnie Maguy Marin production of 'May B' at Enniskillen. Sophie Hunter. An illustration of Beckett by George Tabori. Enniskillen

Her next project is a Benjamin Britten cantata about Phaedra at this year's Beckett Festival in Enniskillen, the doomed second wife of Theseus, which will be sung by the talented mezzo-soprano Ruby Philogene. The piece may be only 16 minutes long, but Hunter is intent on shocking and delighting the audience. For her, it's not enough for a character to, as she puts it, 'park and bark'. 'I find opera quite staid. I think we should be approaching librettos and directing opera in the same way as we approach theatre. I don't want people to just shut their eyes and listen to the music.' As a result, she spends as much time and thought on the costume, the set and the way the production will evolve as she does on the music itself. In her mind, Racine connects to Beckett who links to Britten. The cantata will be performed in an equestrian centre in a ruined castle on an island, which echoes the ruin of the house of Minos, Phaedra's father, and a connection to horses with Hippolytus (her stepson, with whom she is infatuated) through his mother, the Amazon queen Hippolyta.

In Hunter's world, literature and music, art, lighting, film and opera all come together in a glorious creative swirl. And now she's introducing a tiny baby into this imaginative maelstrom. 'Yes, with a whole team,' she says, smiling. 'I've been working with a company in New York called Phantom Limb and saw them bring up a child in rehearsals, and it's just the most wonderful place. You're surrounded by people, amazing music, art, images, attention. And the child of actors and directors has to be peripatetic – with some bases, I hope.'

But there is one person she's not aiming to collaborate with professionally any time soon: her husband. 'I've never directed Benedict, though we did work together as actors. But I think we'll just keep with the marriage for now. And the family.'

'Phaedra' is at Necarne Equestrian Centre on 31 July and 1 August as part of the fourth Enniskillen International Beckett Festival, 'Happy Days'.

10 AN IKAT PRINT

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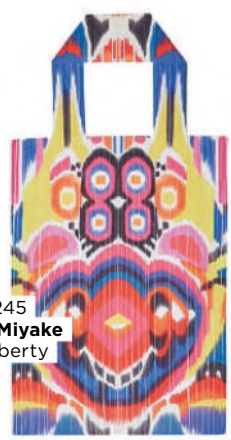
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Left: Meryl Streep, and below, with her daughter Mamie Gummer. Below: the Curious Arts Festival

FAMILY

The Oscar-winning writer *Diablo Cody*'s new film celebrates Meryl Streep and motherhood

I'm watching a scene from my own life play out in a Long Island kitchen: a mother and daughter locking horns, their long-past grievances unearthed and replayed like a *Greatest Fights of the Eighties* cassette. But this isn't my life. Today, I'm neither the mother nor the daughter. I'm the screenwriter. And instead of participating in the fight, I'm helping choreograph it.

I'm on the set of the film *Ricki and the Flash*. Meryl Streep and her real-life daughter Mamie Gummer are playing the central characters, a mother and child in crisis. Jonathan Demme is directing the pair as they circle the kitchen island like agitated cats. Kevin Kline, the level-headed patriarch, pleads for a ceasefire. As for me, I'm sitting a few feet away in what might as well be a different universe. My folding chair is surrounded by a tangle of electrical wires, a marked-up script is in my lap, and you'd better believe my phone is turned off.

To call this moment 'surreal' would be an understatement. When I wrote this script a year ago, I hoped that it would be brought to life on a set. But I never imagined that Ricki would be incarnated by Meryl or that Mamie, an estimable actress in her own right, would agree to take on what has surely been the most emotionally fraught role of her career. Acting is a stressful process even when one wasn't formed in the uterus of one's scene partner; I can only imagine what this experience has been like for her. And likewise, Ms Streep, who has somehow managed to temper maternal instincts in the service of her craft. As a mother (and a daughter) myself, I know I'm witnessing one hell of a balancing act.

The conflict between Ricki and her daughter, Julie, is based entirely on the fact that Ricki eschewed traditional motherhood by singing in a rock band. Obviously, Meryl Streep is not Ricki, and neither am I. But we are both women who chose to pursue full-time artistic careers while raising kids. I wrote this script because I often wonder how my three sons will regard my decision. Will they respect that I was a successful writer, that I provided well for them? Or will they resent me for the hours I spent pecking away at a laptop when I could have been baking brownies for the school fair? I once asked Meryl if my kids might someday appreciate my professional achievements. She said no, probably not.

Back to the action on set: Julie is complaining that her mother never prepared a decent meal for her. Ricki has no available riposte. As I watch it play out on the monitor, I'm hoping that this whole exchange is just a figment of my imagination and not a message from the future. And yet, watching mother and daughter work in tandem fills my heart with hope: maybe there is a place for artistry within a family. By all appearances, Meryl Streep has pulled it off – but then, what can't the woman do?

'Ricki and the Flash' is released on 7 August.

12 FUNNY FESTIVALS

Lucy Porter and David Baddiel headline the Curious Arts Festival (17–19 July; www.curiousartsfestival.com). In Cambridgeshire, Secret Garden Party (23–26 July; www.secretgardenparty.com) has picked 'Childish Things' as its theme, while Boomtown is offering trapeze workshops (13–16 August; www.boomtownfair.co.uk). LH





13 MEMORIES OF THE SEA

Let coastal botanicals remind you of holidays past – buy candles and soaps made with foraged seaweed from Haeckels (www.haeckels.co.uk); sip seaweed martinis at Hoxton's Ace Hotel (www.acehotel.com/london); and add a savoury tang to dishes using salt flavoured with sea lettuce from the Cornish Seaweed Company (www.cornishseaweedcompany.co.uk). HL

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15 DINING IN GARDENS



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THE ETHICUREAN
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BLIXEN
Sip a house soda and grab a brunch of baked eggs and Boston beans under the indoor pergola, lush with greenery from florists Grace & Thorn – a perfect retreat in Spitalfields (www.blixen.co.uk). HL

16 A FEAT OF FASHION

We could learn a thing or two about successful relationships from Karl Lagerfeld. This year marks his 50th anniversary as creative director of the fashion brand Fendi, and to celebrate, the label is releasing a scrapbook-style memoir, *Fendi by Karl Lagerfeld* (£100, Steidl), and is also recreating its Roman headquarters in a pop-up shop in Harrods this August. CHARLOTTE DAVEY





17 TRIFLES AND SUNDAES

Indulge your inner child and feast on the many nostalgic desserts on offer in the capital. Celebrate the new makeover of the Ivy (www.the-ivy.co.uk) with its iconic strawberry-laden Knickerbocker Glory. Order all the toppings from the bespoke sundae menu at the Colony Grill Room (www.colonygrillroom.com) in Mayfair – we recommend lashings of salted-caramel sauce and crushed meringue. Or keep it traditional at Farringdon's St John (www.stjohngroup.uk.com) and delight in a spot of trifle (with a cherry on top, of course). HL

18 A COUNTRY SPREE

Take pause in the Store, a space curated by a former *Bazaar* stylist, Alex Eagle, where fashion, homewares and accessories can be admired and bought in the playground that is Soho House's new Cotswold hotel (www.sohofarmhouse.com). HL

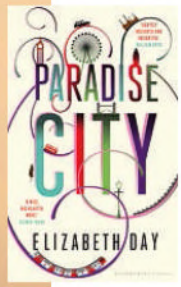


19 A GOOD BOOK

Erica Wagner picks her top reads for the holidays

At summer camp, back when I was a kid, we sang our own special take on a Donovan song. It went: 'Happiness runs in a circular motion, love is like a little bird upon the sea…' Well, happiness to me is that bird, soaring up into the blue; and so my first choice for your summer reading is about flight. *Skyfaring* (Chatto & Windus) is written by Mark Vanhoenacker, a 747 pilot for British Airways, who lyrically reminds us how amazing it is to rise through the sky.

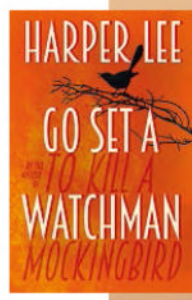
But frankly, reading anything wonderful makes me happy – even if it makes me weep (weeping at a book is one of the greatest happinesses there is). Turning now to fiction, I'll confess that I was moved by Julia Rochester's *The House at the Edge of the World* (Viking). Our changing countryside – both the place and the people in it – is wonderfully explored in Melissa Harrison's *At Hawthorn Time* (Bloomsbury); but if it's a slice of urban life you're after, try Elizabeth Day's *Paradise City* (Bloomsbury), which paints a striking portrait of lives in contemporary London. Douglas Kennedy's *The Heat of Betrayal* (Hutchinson) takes the reader off to Morocco, with a marriage gone intriguingly awry, and CE Smith's debut, *Brother's Keeper* (Atlantic) is a gripping tale of siblings caught up in the never-ending 'war on terror'.



At the time of writing, I must admit, I've not yet seen Harper Lee's long, long-awaited second novel, *Go Set a Watchman* (Heinemann): but surely this is one of the summer's must-reads. My favourites nominated for this year's Baileys Women's Prize for Fiction include the winner, Ali Smith's terrific *How To Be Both* (Hamish Hamilton), with its two halves to be read in any order; Sarah Waters' ripping yarn set just after World War I, *The Paying Guests* (Virago); and the ever-wonderful Anne Tyler's Baltimore family story *A Spool of Blue Thread* (Vintage).



Summer means the seashore and the ocean; for a spooky sea-set tale, try Valerie Martin's *The Ghost of the Mary Celeste* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson), which gives the 19th-century story of an abandoned vessel a fine new spin; *The Ship* by Antonia Honeywell (Weidenfeld & Nicolson) is an ambitious dystopian debut that takes the tale of the Ark and updates it for a world bedevilled by global warming. Both of these books will send shivers up your spine.



There are a few straight-up crime novels and thrillers that jump out at me. Get some retro action with Lionel Davidson's Siberia-set *Kolymsky Heights* (Faber & Faber), first published in 1994 and just reissued (Philip Pullman claims on the cover that it's 'the best thriller I've ever read'). Or head to Cape Town with Paul Mendelson's *The Serpentine Road* (Constable), the second outing for his compelling detective Vaughn de Vries. Or, as you drive along some coastal highway, or lie back on your sunlounger, how about an audiobook? The latest stand-alone thriller from Norway's great Jo Nesbo, *Blood on Snow*, is now available from Audible, and is read by Patti Smith no less. How cool is that?

I spent an engrossing few weeks driving through the United States last year listening to Bryan Cranston reading Tim O'Brien's Vietnam War classic *The Things They Carried*; this summer, I'm looking forward to Audible's four-part series of John Updike's Harry 'Rabbit' Angstrom novels, narrated by William Hope. For more contemporary tastes, Sarah Winman reads her own new book, *A Year of Marvellous Ways*, a moving story set in beautiful Cornwall; perfect when you want to slip on your headphones and disappear. But all these titles will provide a happy summer escape, even if you're not planning to vanish anywhere other than into a story.



20 THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Brazilian supermodel Gisele Bündchen may have walked down her final catwalk, but her 20 years in fashion will be immortalised in a new book from Taschen, with beach-body inspiration aplenty. LH □

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF KARL LAGERFELD/FENDI, COURTESY OF INSTAGRAM.COM/GISELEOFFICIAL, JAMES MCDONALD, JASON INGRAM, GETTY IMAGES


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WHAT HI-FI?
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LG OLED TV

AUGUST 2015

Harper's Bazaar

Colour, beauty, laughter and shared experiences all come together in *Bazaar*, as we celebrate the joy of summer.

Our Collections story showcases the best of the new-season fashion; we explore the freedom and excitement that today's new technologies bring to the catwalk; we set off on a quest for true happiness... and find it in a long-lost Nancy Mitford short story that hasn't been seen for 84 years – since it was last published in *Harper's Bazaar*

THE COLLECTIONS

The most beautiful A/W15 pieces from the world's greatest designers

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIK MADIGAN HECK

STYLED BY LEITH CLARK







THESE PAGES AND PREVIOUS PAGE: Dani wears silk dress, about £1,085; reversible silk coat, about £2,390; matching skirt, about £940; lamb-skin trainers, from a selection. Dasha wears reversible satin coat, about £2,500; matching skirt, about £940; trainers, as before, all Céline

ERIK MADIGAN HECK





THIS PAGE: wool dress, £2,700; patent-leather boots, £1,100, both Dior. OPPOSITE: cotton and mesh dress, £3,380; leather boots, £1,435; metal brooch, £590, all Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane

ERIK MADIGAN HECK





From left: Dasha wears silk mix top, £690; jacquard trousers, £1,100. Lera wears jacquard dress, £1,240; wool jumper, £570, all Stella McCartney

ERIK MADIGAN HECK





THIS PAGE: wool dress, £2,615; metal and diamanté ear-clip earrings, from £395; metal and diamanté swirl earrings, £455, all Balenciaga.
OPPOSITE: cotton and silk jacquard dress, from a selection; calf-skin belt, £400, both Chanel

ERIK MADIGAN HECK





From left: Dani wears silk coat, £3,655. Lera wears silk dress, £2,595, both Valentino

ERIK MADIGAN HECK





Silk jacquard top, £1,458; matching skirt, £2,025; suede boots, from a selection, all Hermès

ERIK MADIGAN HECK



THIS PAGE: wool dress with leather belt, £2,470, Fendi. OPPOSITE, from left: Dasha wears tweed top, £2,360; matching trousers, £605; silk shirt (just seen), £430; leather gloves, £405; hair clip, £300. Lera wears jersey coat, £1,880; gloves, as before; hair clip, £225. Dani wears tweed top, £1,310; matching trousers, £605; gloves, as before; hair clip, £225, all Prada



ERIK MADIGAN HECK

From left: Dasha wears knit dress, £2,995; lace bra, £1,595. Dani wears leather and tulle jacket, £7,585; leather dress, £5,595; leather belt, £695; leather thigh-high boots, £1,195, all Alexander McQueen





ERIK MADIGAN HECK





THIS PAGE, from left: Dasha wears silk cady jacket, about £1,655; suede boots, about £1,730. Lera wears belted wool blend coat, about £1,575; leather and white gold bangle, about £300; gold and resin bangle, about £220. Dani wears suede parka, about £5,370; wool zip-neck top, about £215, all Versace

ERIK MADIGAN HECK



THIS PAGE: jacquard jacket, £3,250; cotton shirt, £950; silk bow tie, £155, all Ralph Lauren Collection. OPPOSITE: quilted silk coat, £2,695; matching dress, £1,695, both Burberry Prorsum

ERIK MADIGAN HECK







Wool coat, £1,525,
Max Mara

ERIK MADIGAN HECK



From left: Dani wears organza dress, £8,710. Lera wears satin and organza dress (just seen), £6,660; enamel and metal earrings, £770, all Giorgio Armani



ERIK MADIGAN HECK



From left: Lera wears cotton jumper, £550; cotton shirt, £690; crystal and Plexiglas earrings, £225. Dasha wears wool jumper, £460; cotton shirt, £540; crystal and Plexiglas earrings, £315; crystal and Plexiglas necklace, £890, all Miu Miu

ERIK MADIGAN HECK







From left: Lera wears damask wool coat, £979; matching trousers, £388; organza shirt, from a selection. Dasha (lying down) wears velvet and cashmere coat, £1,240; damask wool trousers, £388; organza shirt, £737. Dani wears brocade dress, £1,393, all Alberta Ferretti

ERIK MADIGAN HECK



Net shirt with grosgrain bow, £805; silk and velvet skirt, £730; leather flats, £650; wool hat, £160, all Gucci



ERIK MADIGAN HECK



From left: Dasha wears chiffon and georgette dress, about £5,435. Dani wears jacquard coat, about £3,260. Lera (seated) wears velvet corset, about £1,740; matching skirt, about £1,740; velvet and wool trousers, about £1,085; leather boots, from a selection; all facial jewellery and earrings, from a selection, all Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci

ERIK MADIGAN HECK







Silk dress, from
a selection, Dolce
& Gabbana

ERIK MADIGAN HECK



Metallic silk dress, £2,835, Michael Kors Collection

ERIK MADIGAN HECK





ERIK MADIGAN HECK

From left: Dani wears wool jacket, £2,190; matching trousers, £725; calf-skin belt, £170. Lera wears wool coat, £1,745; crepe de Chine shirt, £740; cotton trousers, £725; jersey scarf, £125, all Chloé





THIS PAGE: wool and cashmere top, £800; tweed and polyamide skirt, £6,000; jewelled chain (worn around waist; just seen), £1,460, all Louis Vuitton. OPPOSITE: Dasha and Dani wear jacquard dresses (worn back-to-front); leather heels, all from a selection, Bottega Veneta

ERIK MADIGAN HECK



From left: Lera wears shearling peacoat, £8,080; leather dress, £1,225; leather thigh-high boots, £1,795. Dani wears leather and suede dress, £2,925, all Calvin Klein Collection. Hair by Seb Bascle at Artlist. Make-up by Janeen Witherspoon, using Crème de la Mer. Manicure by Sabrina Gayle at LMC Worldwide, using Chanel S 2015 and Body Excellence Hand Cream. Stylist's assistants: Emma Shaw and Sabine Hutchinson. Shot at Spring Studios. Set design by James Hatt at D+V Management. Models: Dasha Gold, Lera Tribel and Dani Witt at Next Management





ERIK MADIGAN HECK

A FRESH LOOK AT FASHION

The swift digitisation of modern life – through Instagram, Twitter and other smartphone media – continues to revolutionise our perception of the world. JUSTINE PICARDIE considers the implications for both designers and those who admire and buy their clothes

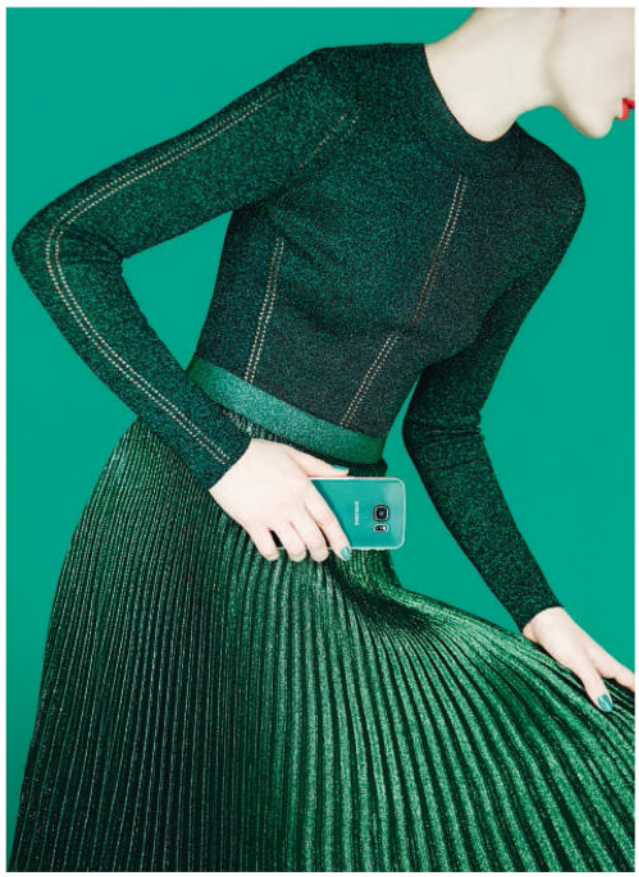
STYLED BY LEITH CLARK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIK MADIGAN HECK



Matelassé dress, £3,500, Erdem. Leather heels, £445, Paul Andrew. Tights, £6, Jonathan Aston. Samsung Galaxy S6 Edge in Black Sapphire

I can remember the exact moment when I realised how much of fashion was being viewed through the frame of smartphones: at the Louis Vuitton A/W 15 show, where I happened to be sitting next to Kim Kardashian and Kanye West. It seemed as if everyone there wanted a picture of themselves with Kim and Kanye, or at the very least, to document the couple's presence on the front row that morning. And so it was that even before the 13-minute show ended, my two sons had texted to say they'd already seen me on Instagram ('Ha ha,' said the younger one, in a brief yet appropriate response.) Meanwhile, I'd decided not to bother Kim and Kanye by asking for a selfie – instead, we had a perfectly nice chat about the inspiring architecture of the Vuitton Foundation – but by the time we emerged from there, the internet was awash with images of the couple, with me perched incongruously beside them.



As for the Vuitton collection itself, I'd watched it unfold before me in a dizzying number of different ways: through the lens of my own phone (I was trying to get images and film for the *Bazaar* Instagram account), and via the multiple video screens that were stacked on scaffolding towers around the audience, which revealed various angles of the show as it took place. I was also trying to actually look at the collection – by which I mean properly, through my own eyes – and take note of the precise, three-dimensional details of the sheepskin coats, metallic ribbed knits, and the see-through bags (needless to say, all equipped with customised storage space for phones and chargers).

What does it mean for fashion, this endless mirroring and instant replication of imagery? Is it a sign of democratisation, whereby a global audience can share – and therefore help shape – the rapidly accelerating trends that speed through social media? Or is it a giant vortex that destroys real creativity, in pursuit of digital mass consumption? I tend towards the former, more optimistic view; although I also understand why some designers choose to emphasise the real craft of their work, rather than its manifestation in a virtual space. 'I never had that attraction to the digital world,' said Raf Simons, when I interviewed him after a Dior couture show last year. 'It very often doesn't allow people to have a good view on what it is we are actually doing. Specifically on couture – I think, "How the hell can you really know what it is about when you were not at that show?"' Compare and contrast with Olivier Rousteing, whose devotion to social media is integral to his role as creative director of Balmain: the very first thing he does when he wakes up in the morning is to check Instagram. 'THIS IS MY REALITY!' announces Rousteing's Instagram profile, where his 1.1 million followers are treated to constant updates of jaunts with the Kardashians and other famous friends. (Such was his panic when his social feed was interrupted earlier this year that he joked to *Bazaar* that he needed 'Insta-rehab'.)

So why are the most powerful new technology brands increasingly seeking to establish a presence in print publications? It's as if the physicality of a magazine gives permanence to their products, in a way that the digital world cannot. Thus, in an era of endless Instagram images, paper and print is becoming an ever more desirable luxury to be cherished. (Which might also explain the rise of vinyl records and hardback books, as a counterbalance to music downloads and Kindles). As it happens, I've been writing this piece on a day when I have no internet connection – no Instagram updates, no Twitter chatter, no mobile alerts, no distraction. It feels weird, but not unwelcome; and a reminder that reflection should be a quiet moment of contemplation, rather than a selfie…

Now, where did I put my damn phone?

@jpicardie @bazaaruk

@justinepicardie @bazaaruk

HAIR BY SEB BASCLE AT ARTLIST. MAKE-UP BY POLLY OSMOND AT PREMIER, USING CHANEL S 2015 AND BODY EXCELLENCE MANICURE BY SABRINA GAYLE AT LMC WORLDWIDE, USING CHANEL S 2015 AND BODY EXCELLENCE HAND CREAM. STYLIST'S ASSISTANTS: EMMA SHAW AND KRISTINA GOUGHTLY. SET DESIGN BY JAMES HATT AT D+V MANAGEMENT. MODEL: NATY CHABANENKO AT NEXT MANAGEMENT. ERDEM AT HARRODS (020 7730 1234). PAUL ANDREW AT HARVEY NICHOLS (020 7235 5000). JONATHAN ASTON AT MYTIGHTS.COM. ROCHAS AT NET-A-PORTER (WWW.NET-A-PORTER.COM). PAMELA MANN AT MYTIGHTS.COM. CHRISTOPHER KANE (020 7493 3111)

This page: silk top, £523; silk and wool skirt, £1,910; wool belt, £387, all Rochas. Suede heels, £445, Paul Andrew. Tights, £4.95, Pamela Mann. Samsung Galaxy S6 Edge in Black Sapphire. Opposite: Lurex top, £550; polyester skirt, £495, both Christopher Kane. Samsung Galaxy S6 Edge in Emerald Green



HOW TO BE HAPPY

For some, delight should be easy to find amid the comforts of life, and yet proves an evanescent, elusive dream that recedes as you chase it. For others, there is a surprising joy to be found even among the darkest of tragedies. LYDIA SLATER and JUSTINE PICARDIE explore their very different journeys to contentment

PHOTOGRAPHS: HARRY CORY WRIGHT, PETER LINDBERGH



LYDIA SLATER

on the happiness project

For Abraham Lincoln, happiness was merely a question of deciding to be so; for Balzac, happiness depended on 'courage and work'.

On the other hand, Edith Wharton, a writer close to my heart, declared: 'There's only one way of being comfortable, and that is to stop running round after happiness. If you make up your mind not to be happy there's no reason why you shouldn't have a fairly good time.'

For many years, I was of the Wharton camp. Not only did I not try to be happy, I prided myself on being genetically mournful, always looking on the dark side and especially tormented when everything was going swimmingly, in case it ceased to do so. About half of a person's happiness level is genetically determined, they say. My father has a similarly downbeat approach, and my Russian grandmother was even worse. She couldn't be told, for instance, if you planned a holiday, because she would immediately begin mourning your death in the inevitable plane crash.

I was aided in my own pessimistic approach by my naturally sombre cast of features. 'What's wrong?' friends ask in alarm, when I'm merely thinking about the evening's menu. (My first flirtation with Botox was also my last, because I found it so terribly disconcerting not to be able to frown when concentrating.) Consequently, it's not unknown for complete strangers to come up to me in the street and tell me to cheer up, because it might never happen.

These well-meaning interventions are all the more infuriating for the fact that they are undoubtedly correct. It might never happen, and so far, indeed, it has not.

By most people's standards, my life is entirely enviable. I'm married to a nice, clever man and we have two healthy children. I also have enough money, a lovely home, lots of friends and a creative, interesting job. There is nothing fundamental in my own life that I wish could be different, and when I imagine winning the lottery, I can't really think of anything else I want. By all rights, I ought to be floating about in a daze of permanent bliss. Instead, I find myself frequently losing my temper with the children, nagging my husband, brooding over exchanges with my friends and lying sleepless with anxiety over my work. This general low-level of discontent has become something of a worry in itself. For if I can't feel content when everything in my life is about as good as it could be, then how on earth will I cope when something does go wrong?

What's more, my own happiness levels are crucial to those of the rest of my family. 'Happy wife, happy life' is one relationship trope that seems actually to hold true, according to a study published last year. It makes sense: when I'm happy, I spend more time with the children, organise fun outings, cook interesting meals and make more effort romantically, as well as being nicer to friends and more generous to strangers. When I am miserable and snappish, everyone suffers. So pursuing personal happiness might actually be an altruistic act.

With this in mind, I set out on a quest, to discover what it would actually take to make me happy. Maybe I couldn't control my inherited levels of contentment, but I could certainly make an effort to influence the rest. For six months, I read up on the latest research and followed up the suggestions of the happiness gurus.

On the basis that altruism makes you happier, and that dog ownership raises oxytocin levels and self-esteem, I impulsively adopted a retired racing greyhound after an entire lifetime thinking of myself as a cat person. Maggie duly arrived and proceeded, initially, to make me rather unhappy, by getting muddy paw prints on all the soft furnishings and bringing bin-bags in from the garden to shred on the sofa. All the same, I found her unfeigned joy at the sight of me unquestionably mood-boosting – as were the new dog-walking friends I made in the neighbourhood.

Then, after reading a book called *The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying*, I decided to clear the clutter from my house. I am naturally

PHOTOGRAPH: KRISTIN VICARI





indecisive and a hoarder by nature (my husband is even worse – you can barely see the surface of his enormous desk for tottering heaps of books, coffee cups, piles of unopened post and the odd stuffed guillemot). What I found so revolutionary about the author's method is that, instead of deciding what to chuck out, you are asked to decide what to keep. Only the items in your wardrobe, bookshelves or kitchen cabinets that spark positive joy are allowed to stay. Consequently, in a single week, I re-homed eight bin-bags of unwanted books and lugged an equivalent number of clothes to the charity shop, not to mention a coffee pot that had always irritated me. My previously overflowing drawers were now beautifully organised, the contents colour-coded; my T-shirts were folded to stand in serried, vertical ranks; and my saucepan carousel spun freely for the first time since its installation. Every time I opened a drawer, I got a little thrill of pleasure and pride.

The best bit about clutter-clearing, of course, is that it then allows you a compensatory splurge to fill in the gaps. Swapping to *The Happiness Project* by Gretchen Rubin (this became something of a bible to me), I tried to override my natural parsimoniousness to 'spend out' – investing in gorgeous new pyjamas, for instance, to replace the faded pairs I'd thrown out; swapping the ordinary bathroom soap for giant verbena-scented bars guaranteed to please me every time I washed my hands; and giving the rather hard, bobbly towels to the vet and buying a whole pile of cushiony new ones with satin trims. Of course, I invested in a new coffee pot: sage-green, to match the kitchen units.

It was reassuring to discover that I wasn't actually doing everything wrong. For instance, a close friend and I have developed a habit that I had hitherto considered entirely self-indulgent. Every morning, we go for a four-mile walk down a canal towpath, sipping takeaway coffee as we chat. Sometimes, therefore, I don't get to my desk until 10am.

But by simultaneously exercising out of doors and socialising, according to the scientists, I was increasing my energy and serotonin levels, and decreasing levels of stress and tension with maximum efficiency. So I stopped apologising for starting my day a little later than most.

> I adopted a greyhound after a lifetime thinking of myself as a cat person

On the other hand, my attempts to use positive psychology to improve my mood proved less successful. One website, for instance, offered a happiness-boosting game, in which you were required to shoot down balloons bearing negative messages. Not being good at computer games, my failure rate was depressingly high, and those negative messages stayed in my thoughts. Meditating daily, but only for 10 minutes at a time, was sometimes transformative in its effects, and sometimes an irritating addition to an already overburdened day. Smiling and pretending to be happy when I wasn't, another well-attested technique, seemed similarly jarring to me. The insincerity of it all bothered me much more than my usual levels of gloom.

My husband felt the same: after a week in which, without telling him what I was doing, I tried to refrain from any criticism and bite back snappish retorts, and to kiss him every morning and night, he announced that I was no fun any more and demanded the return of the domestic tyrant he loved – an enormous relief.

Six months later, I have spent time, effort and quite a lot of money, but am I any happier? On balance, I think I am. Edith Wharton and I have diverged. For me, there is a sense in the quest for bliss, and I have stopped feeling guilty about the selfishness of looking for it.

Moreover, during the past few months I have become much more aware of what really does make me happy (Bikram yoga, music festivals, holidaying with friends), as opposed to what I believe ought to do so. Quite often, it's humdrum domesticity, such as an evening pairing socks in front of *Poirot*, or simply getting eight hours' sleep between my own ironed sheets, that can transform my mood.

I'm not there yet, but I have begun to think that the secret of happiness resides truly in the Delphic maxim, 'Know thyself'.

PHOTOGRAPH: BRUCE WEBER/TRUNK ARCHIVE

JUSTINE PICARDIE

on the discovery of hope



Like anyone who has ever lost someone they love, I know that happiness is not a right, and it can be shattered in less than a second, without warning or clear rationale. But this knowledge does not mean that I have become pessimistic about life. Rather, I've come to understand that happiness, when it alights, should be cherished and enjoyed – although the woman who taught me this profound lesson is also someone who suffered terribly: my sister Ruth, who died of breast cancer in 1997, at the age of 33.

At the time of her death, her twins had only just celebrated their second birthday, and it seemed unbearably sad that Ruth would not see them grow up, and that her beloved babies were unlikely to remember their mother. But grief can be a savage, selfish emotion, and mine was, at heart, an expression of my own sense of loss, in mourning the beloved sister who had also been my closest friend and ally. Yet loss need not obliterate love; for there is not a day that goes by without me remembering Ruth's laughter, her swift wit and intelligence and her joyous appreciation of the world around her.

What can I tell you about my sister now? I still write for her – she is the reader inside my head; the strong, emboldened woman who loved fashion as well as feminism. She does not necessarily speak to me, but I hope that I can speak for what she believed in: including a wider sense of sisterhood. Her wisdom continues to hold true (when someone asked her if she thought, 'Why me?' in response to her diagnosis with terminal cancer, she replied, 'Why not me?'). And the love I feel for Ruth has never lessened; nor does the love she gave me in life diminish with her death. Her life shaped mine, and continues to do so; our love always holds true.

I also feel her presence in day-to-day pleasures. My sister had a talent for delight – in a new red lipstick, a freshly baked chocolate cake, the scent of lavender in the garden, or a vase of home-grown sweet-peas – as well as treasuring her profound relationships with family and friends. And so when I think about her now, it tends to be the shared happiness that I remember best, rather than the horror of her untimely death that haunted me in the months after her funeral.

Since writing about Ruth and that strange, indefinable yet powerful relationship between the living and the dead (in my book *If the Spirit Moves You*, which was first published in 2001), I have encountered legions of readers, with their own stories of bereavement. And what strikes me when we talk is the communality, for love and loss are inextricably woven together; shared experiences that are threaded through all our lives. One consequence is the risk that we might choose to remain in a state of constant fear lest those we hold dearest disappear, whether through death or divorce or some other disaster.

As it happens, my first marriage ended in divorce, and while that seemed to be a catastrophe at the time, unhappy endings can sometimes evolve into unexpected beginnings. And so it was that the

PHOTOGRAPH: HARRY CORY WRIGHT



shadow of heartbreak lifted from my life, as the warmth of new-found love took hold. In the summer of 2012 – almost 15 years after Ruth's death – her daughter Lola was bridesmaid at my second wedding; and in Lola's beautiful face, I could see a reflection of my sister's smile.

All of which makes me feel very lucky, and blessed to have been given another chance to find happiness; but I never, ever take it for granted. Indeed, as the years pass and my sons turn into men, I have become more aware of several truths. First, that as a mother, one's children's happiness is paramount (as the saying goes, 'You can only be as happy as your unhappiest child'). At the same time, you must learn to accept the harsh reality that you cannot always protect them from harm or disappointment, however hard you might try. Second, the story of our lives is uncertain, unpredictable, sometimes chaotic and often surprising, which can be wonderful, as well as frightening. Third, if you are feeling lonely and heartbroken while you're reading this – especially in the nightly witching hour, when all seems lost – then I promise, the darkness will turn to dawn again, and you are not alone. Fourth, if a cup of tea doesn't help, try a gin and tonic with a friend. Finally, there are no conclusions; for life, with all of its sorrows and successes, is liable to be a circular process, despite our desire for linear progress.

The darkness will turn to dawn again, and you are not alone

And so it is that I keep circling back towards my sister; while she stays youthful and undimmed in my memory, even as I grow older. Our past shines a light in this present, as I embrace the moment, right here, right now, in the knowledge that the future remains unknown…

'If the Spirit Moves You' has been reissued as a Picador Classic this summer, with a new introduction by Andrew O'Hagan and an afterword by Justine Picardie. □

MAD ABOUT THE BOY

'The Refuge', a short story written by the young Nancy Mitford, is reproduced here for the first time since its publication in *Bazaar* 84 years ago. In the comic tale, she reveals the absurdities of class, marriage and politics with her characteristic élan

BY SASHA SLATER

ILLUSTRATION BY AURORE DE LA MORINERIE



In 1931, the year this story was first published, Nancy Mitford wrote to a friend about her inconclusive relationship with a debs' delight called Hamish St Clair Erskine: 'Hamish has come back and it is all too frightful, we met at a party & of course it began all over again.' She finishes her letter with dark insouciance and all her inimitable style: 'I must say I do go to awful sorts of parties … but if one can't be happy one must be amused don't you agree?'

As Charlotte Mosley, a niece by marriage of the writer and an expert on her work, says, in 'The Refuge' we have 'all the ingredients of Nancy's world in their embryo. The teasing, the wit… She's romantic, yes, but also clear-eyed about love. The enthusiasm for the French has crept in already, and there isn't a word out of place'.

Mitford's appeal is easy to explain for, as Mosley says: 'She makes us laugh, and nobody can resist that. The world she creates is one we'd all like to live in. And her combination of elegance, insolence and wit is irresistible and rare.'

Astonishingly for a novelist whose every word has been pored over, loved and reprinted endlessly, this short story for *Bazaar* hasn't been seen for almost a century and had been forgotten, even by her family, as Mosley explains: 'At the time, she was hanging around at home in Rutland Gate Mews in London, not married, which for a girl of her age [26] at that period meant she was on the shelf, teasing her younger sisters and developing her writing… It's wonderful to see. It's absolutely wonderful.'

But such pleasures are rare and, outside the *Bazaar* archive, Mosley says, 'I doubt there's any other treasure-trove.'

THE REFUGE

Lunacy once more proves the prelude to matrimony

BY NANCY MITFORD



Nancy Mitford in 1935

Lady Josephine Severall was one of those girls whom the writers of gossip paragraphs often describe as 'a beautiful and popular member of Society's younger brigade' or 'a beautiful and popular leader of Society's younger set.' Unlike many of the girls thus described she happened in fact to be both beautiful and popular, so beautiful that many people who knew her quite well did not remember the colour of her hair because they had never got beyond looking at her enchanting face, and so popular that since she came out there had never been a day when she had, unless for preference, eaten lunch or dinner alone. In addition to this she was rich beyond, or almost beyond, the dreams of avarice.

This heavenly creature had, impossible as it may seem, a male counterpart. Giles Stanworth was the most talented, best looking young man in London, charming and ambitious. But poor.

All their friends foretold that these two, once having met, would fall madly in love with each other, and of course this is exactly what happened. For a whole London season they did everything in each other's company, and wherever Giles appeared it was certain that a little later, or perhaps even much later, for she was often late, but inevitably, Josephine would appear also. They would then be as though shut away by invisible walls from the people round them, with eyes and ears for only each other. Once this had begun it seemed so natural as hardly to require comment (although needless to say there was comment in plenty) and people accepted it as such, only vaguely surprised that the situation thus created did not in any way develop. Month succeeded month and no engagement was announced, no marriage was arranged. London began to ask itself why.

'My darling,' said Josephine to Giles – they were lunching as they always did at the Ritz, and Giles had been saying as he always did how much he would like to marry Josephine – 'My darling, so would I like it. There's nothing I want so much, even though I don't suppose for a moment that we shall go on loving each other like this, or have half the fun we do now. Still, as you say, it's a question eventually between marriage and separation, an alternative I don't personally care to face. But my angel, we've had this conversation a hundred times at least, and you know as well as I do that if I marry without Papa's consent he will stop my allowance and leave his money to the Royal Yacht Squadron or the Zoo. And I can't live without money, my sweetest Giles, and, what's more, nor can you.'

Giles looked at her thoughtfully, then with an air of sudden determination he said, 'Tell me something – where *is* this bin?'

For Josephine's father, Lord Cowslip, had for some time been what is known in the vernacular as 'shut up.'

'Down in the Blackmore Vale country,' said Josephine vaguely. 'But I've told you before, darling, that it's no use whatever for you to go there. First of all you wouldn't get in, and secondly the chief reason poor Papa was binned up was that he couldn't see any young man who might take a fancy to me without wanting to kill him. He used to rush at them with an open clasp knife. It was so awkward; you know how I hate that sort of scene.'

'My poor darling,' said Giles, holding her hand under the table.

'I know. You wouldn't believe what I went through the year before last when I wanted to marry Bill. No, don't, that hurts. I shan't let you hold my hand if you won't behave. You know quite well how thankful I am now that I didn't marry him, but I adored him then and, talk of the devil, there he is, d'you see, with his pie-faced wife. Only think he might have had me instead (oh, yes, he might), and he would have if Papa hadn't jolly nearly killed him outright, poor little sweet. Anyway, I expect I shall see you here with your pie-faced wife in a few years' time.'

'Yes, in a looking-glass you probably will.'

'Very quick of you, darling, but don't think I'm going to marry you on what you can earn, because I won't, although I know how clever it is of you to make so much at your little tiny age and all. But it would hardly keep me in hats, you know, not to mention taxis and things like soap. So let's forget about all these worries and go for a walk in our own special park, shall we? I expect some sort of a miracle will happen quite soon, and anyhow it's pointless to make ourselves miserable on a lovely day like this.'

Which was the invariable ending to all such conversations between Giles and Josephine; only this time Giles had, unbeknown to Josephine, arrived at a decision.

Lord Cowslip was incarcerated in a special lunatic asylum for

PHOTOGRAPHS: BASSANO LTD © NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

peers only, known by its founder's express wish, as The Refuge. It was built in the year 1869 by the wealthy Miss Charlotte Richmond, daughter of an Anglican bishop, as a home for ageing and mentally infirm peers, and is to-day an example of that truism 'the poor are always good to one another,' by being largely supported by the proceeds from a box for tinfoil in the library of the House of Lords, and the Barlton Club's annual jumble sale.

'If,' wrote Miss Richmond to Queen Victoria when submitting her scheme for the Royal approval, 'If I can feel that by these means I have brought peace, happiness and greater self respect to even two or three of these poor good old men (who, having served their country to the limit of their capability, should never be allowed to perish in a common *madhouse*) I feel that I shall not have lived in vain.

'Besides, who can foresee in what position the peerage may not find itself during the years that are to come? It is not I hope probable, but not beyond the bounds of *possibility*, that many ageing noblemen in the future may be only too glad to avail themselves of the shelter and *peculiar* privileges which The Refuge will afford.'

Queen Victoria, while deprecating these gloomy prophecies, nevertheless heartily applauded the scheme. In its early days The Refuge had only five occupants, but from these modest beginnings quickly sprang one of the most thriving asylums in the country. Miss Richmond's forebodings have proved only too well founded. More and more peers, feeling that their position becomes daily less tolerable, retire behind those Gothic walls and there, living in an almost exact replica of the House they know and love so well, are able to indulge in their personal idiosyncrasies far from the mocking and madding crowd, far, above all, from even the faintest repercussions of the Labour Party's latest devilry. Such peers do not need to be certified insane. Miss Richmond (with the full support of her Royal Patroness) having judged that such a ceremony would be extremely injurious to their burgeoning self-respect, had obtained licence from the authorities to dispense with it. Thus Lord Cowslip and his companions, unlike the occupants of other such institutions, were at perfect liberty to dispose of their property, if any, as and how they pleased.

By the rules of its foundation no one but a peer may enter The Refuge (save in an official or menial capacity) except on the stated visitors' days, which are as follows: Sunday, peeresses, Monday, eldest sons of peers, Tuesday, younger sons, Wednesday, married daughters, Thursday, unmarried daughters (who may also visit with their mammas on Sunday until they have been presented at Court), Friday, wives of sons and husbands of daughters, and Saturday, the Primate and the Master of the Rolls. It will therefore be seen that Giles Stanworth, being neither an eldest nor a younger son nor as yet a daughter's husband of any of these distinguished lunatics, was faced with almost insuperable difficulties, not to mention the danger of receiving an open clasp-knife in the back, before he could in person demand of Lord Cowslip the hand of his only child.

Love, however, when lodging in the bosom of a determined and ingenious young man, can work wonders, and a few days after his conversation with Josephine in the Ritz, Giles did in fact penetrate the Gothic gates of The Refuge, disguised as the bearded and gouty Earl of Westephen and escorted by the latter's eldest son, Lord Donway.

Lord Donway was from the very first a willing accomplice, and it had scarcely even needed the bribe that he should be best man, a role to which he was devoted, to ensure his hearty co-operation in what he considered the best joke of the year.

'I adore bad taste,' he said when Giles had outlined his simple scheme. 'The old beaver hasn't left Westephen House for years now, and I don't think there's the smallest danger of our being found out. I'll write to the Governor of The Refuge and say that the old boy has got it into his head that he'd like to go down there and hobnob with some of his friends for a week or two. I'll make it quite plain that I don't want him shut up for good. Then when you're made up (all you want is the longest beard that money can buy, and a filthy dirty frock coat) I'll motor you down there myself. The only thing is, I wonder if you hadn't better have some sort of ally inside the place?'

'I've thought of that,' said Giles, 'and as it happens nothing could be easier. D'you remember little Hansenclaver at Eton? Well he took to the cloth or whatever it's called, and he's chaplain down there now. It really is divine of you, Don, I can't thank you enough –'

'Poor Papa couldn't see any young man who might take a fancy to me without wanting to kill him'

There was always some excitement in The Refuge when a newly arrived peer was about to take his seat, but the advent of Westephen caused an even greater commotion than usual. He was evidently held in the highest esteem there by all parties alike.

This ceremony of taking a seat differs in no way from that so frequently enacted in the real House of Lords, and the bogus Westephen, supported on either side by his tottering sponsors, bowed three times to the Woolsack before subsiding on to the red plush faithfully copied from that in London. A debate followed on the motion introduced by Lord Marbroklub to replace the strawberry leaves on ducal coronets with miniature aeroplane propellors. This abominable innovation having been very properly defeated, the peers filed out into the Prince's Chamber where,

PHOTOGRAPH: COURTESY OF THE CECIL BEATON STUDIO ARCHIVE AT SOTHEBY'S



Mitford, photographed in 1931 by Cecil Beaton

with great warmth and affection, they greeted their old friend.

'Bless my soul, it does one good to see West again. How's the moor, West?'

'How are you, West? I suppose we shall be able to count on your support in the lobby, eh?'

'Dear old West, I expect things will begin to hum a bit now you've come along. You don't look a day older, does he? It might be yesterday we raced those hansoms down Piccadilly – d'you remember that? Hoofed the cabbies off their boxes, don't you know, and raced from the circus to Hyde Park Corner for a monkey. West won, of course, the blighter, nothing West can't do with a horse, but it was only by a short head after all.'

These last words were accompanied by a slap on the back which would certainly have dispatched the real Westephen there and then. They were spoken by a man who looked like a rather decayed Viking, and whom Giles, from photographs and even from a sort of sinister resemblance to his beloved Josephine, instantly recognised as her father. He fervently hoped he would not be called upon to give proof of his power over horses, and feeling that too many reminiscences might become embarrassing he put one hand behind his ear and feigned deafness. Soon, however, he wished that he had adopted some other expedient. The peers were only too well accustomed to dealing with deaf friends; they merely pressed hoary faces a little closer to his and addressed him in highly pitched and painfully piercing tones. He soon discovered, somewhat to his dismay, that he was regarded as a sort of wit or wag. He wondered feverishly whether his humour was of the subtle or the boisterous type and cursed Lord Donway, now speeding towards London, for not having warned him of this jovial attribute.



Mitford and her husband Peter Rodd on their wedding day in December 1933

The noble occupants of The Refuge dined at eight little round tables in a room, which, in order to make them feel more at home, was an exact replica of the tea-room in the House of Lords. Four or five sat round each table, except for Lord Daventry who, believing himself to be the London and Regional Programme relayed through Daventry, was left by common consent to sit alone. This tiresome if harmless mania caused him to shriek ceaselessly and monotonously about depressions moving slowly eastward, birthday greetings to twins, requests to persons last heard of in the early 'seventies to return home at once and other such trivialities.

The newly arrived Westephen found himself at a table with Lords Grovehouse, Zealand and Cowslip.

By far the sanest member of this trio seemed to be Lord Cowslip, which only goes to show, thought Giles, that appearances can be very deceptive, he being in fact the most dangerous homicide in the building.

Lord Grovehouse was a nervous little man with watery blue eyes who had been one of the greatest rakes of his day, but who now firmly believed himself, not without some reason, to be marooned on a desert island surrounded by savages whose language he could neither speak nor understand. He spent his mornings building a stockade in the grounds, but as he had never done any carpentering since his private school days, when he took a prize for fretwork, it was not, as stockades go, an unqualified success.

The story of Lord Zealand was a sadder one. Like so many of his fellow legislators Lord Zealand was an eccentric, and although himself immensely rich was by no means averse from increasing the sum of his worldly goods by a series of what might be called petty pilferings. These little sins, however, passed unchallenged until one fatal day when he wrote himself out a cheque for £17 18s 3d and signed it, in his own handwriting, with the name of the local parson, Mr. Titus Tritton. This individual, being of a gross and ungrateful disposition, went to the police about it. There is of course no doubt that if Lord Zealand had been tried in an ordinary court of law, the jury would easily have been persuaded that this was a mere slip of the pen which might happen to any noble kleptomaniac. Lord Zealand, unluckily for himself, insisted on trial by his peers, and the case was taken to the House of Lords. As the 'guilty' lobby happened to coincide with the one into which, as good Conservatives, their lordships were accustomed to troop three or four times daily, force of habit rather than conviction led their footsteps thither, and he was found guilty of a felony. After this there was nothing left for him to do but plead insanity and retire to The Refuge where he was able to conduct his little thievings in peace, his pockets being nightly emptied of a burden of pepper pots, ashtrays and other *bric-à-brac*.

Dinner passed off without a hitch. Lord Cowslip was, like so many late Victorians, that most tedious of bores, the raconteur.

PHOTOGRAPH: GETTY IMAGES. © NANCY MITFORD 1931. NANCY MITFORD'S BOOKS ARE ALL IN PRINT, INCLUDING *THE PURSUIT OF LOVE* AND *LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE*, AND ARE AVAILABLE TO PURCHASE

He told at great length and with detailed reference to family trees, anecdotes about his own contemporaries which were tremendously involved and faintly scandalous. These occupied the whole of dinner time. Lord Cowslip talked on like a machine without waiting for any reply, luckily for Giles who, busy trying to insert an adequate amount of nourishment through a thick veiling of beard, had no wish to talk. However, the few remarks he did make seemed to be adequate. As a matter of fact Lord Cowslip suspected that his friend's memory was no longer what it had been, and it is possible that he was not altogether displeased that this should be the case. Many of his own stories had, in the course of constant repetition lost the obvious stamp of truth, and it would have annoyed him to have them queried. Still more would a rival in this particular field have offended the old man, who was always delighted to have a fresh and unquestioning audience.

Lady Josephine Severall was, as the French say, '*dans tous ses états*' – In all her states. She had been in a different state every day of the past week, and now she was in all of them at once. It was, to be exact, six days since Giles had disappeared from her life without any good-bye message beyond a short, rather rude note saying that he would be unable to lunch with her as arranged. At first she was merely piqued and annoyed. She dressed in her best clothes and went everywhere as usual, hoping to see Giles across the floor of some restaurant or night club and have the pleasure of cutting him dead. Two or three young men were rendered speechless with joy by the privilege suddenly granted them, after months of fruitless endeavor, of escorting the lovely Josephine to various entertainments.

Four days, however, passed slowly away without any sign of Giles. On the fifth Josephine went to a fancy dress party where she felt certain of seeing him. They had more or less arranged to dine together for it. She went as her namesake the Empress, and took some trouble over her appearance. She intended to have a scene or perhaps even two scenes with Giles, after which, but quite late in the evening, she might possibly make it up again – she might even let him take her home. But alas, in all that seething mass of dancers, noise, tobacco smoke and toy balloons she could catch no sight of him. Young men there were in plenty, dressed in every variety of costume, the togas of Romans, the whiskers of Victorians rubbing against the talc wings of modern fairies. Only of Giles, dressed as she knew he had planned to be as Lifar in *La Chatte*, there was no sign. In spite of this Josephine managed to enjoy the party a good deal (she was the prettiest woman there and she knew it), but next morning she woke up feeling perfectly wretched and throwing pride to the winds she telephoned Giles' flat.

Mr. Stanworth had gone abroad leaving no address. Josephine's heart was as lead. 'I have lost him,' she thought, and began feverishly to dress without knowing what she intended to do, but unable in the face of so dire a calamity to stay idly in bed. About an hour later she left the house, vaguely intending to visit her hairdresser, who always had a soothing and beneficial effect on her nerves. Presently, however, another idea struck her, and taking a taxi she directed it to Westminster Cathedral, where she put up a sixpenny candle to St. Anthony. Hardly had she left that Byzantine gloom for the July sunshine than she saw the familiar figure of Lord Donway aimlessly wandering away from the Army and Navy Stores.

'Hullo, ducky,' he said and then, not because he wanted to know but because it was his invariable form of address, 'What have you been doing?'

'Just now? Putting up a candle to St. Anthony,' said Josephine, feeling rather foolish. But Lord Donway showed no surprise; he never did.

'Lost something? Not valuable, I hope?'

'Of sentimental value, but only to me. Where is Giles, d'you know?' asked Josephine, who had vainly been trying not to ask.

'Giles?' said Lord Donway looking at her rather hard, 'Oh, didn't you hear? Old Giles has gone off to shoot elephants in the Sudan, lucky blighter. I only wish I could have gone too, but some people seem to have all the luck, don't they? I saw him off – when was it – last Friday, with a solar topee and a bottle of Keatings. The old boy was in great form and can you wonder?'

'Think of that,' said Josephine. 'Well, there's a taxi, so I expect I ought to be getting along. Good-bye, Don, dear, see you soon I hope.'

Josephine cried a lot in the taxi. She knew from a long and extensive course of novel reading that when young men about town are getting tired of a love affair they invariably go and shoot elephants in the Sudan. It is a classic fact. In real life perhaps it is more often Kenya, but it all comes to the same thing in the end. Africa speaks and away they go. 'My heart is broken,' sobbed Josephine to herself. What she did not know, because novels seldom make the fact sufficiently plain, was that hearts do not really break, they crumble away with the perpetual dropping of tears, a dismal and dreary process.

She now felt her sixpenny candle to have been a slightly inadequate offering. St. Anthony might have been moved by it to retrieve a young man from Paris or even Berlin, but darkest Africa! Perhaps a daily succession of sixpenny candles would do the trick.

Meanwhile her life seemed extraordinarily empty. When she arrived home she found a letter in her father's illiterate handwriting, asking her to go and see him the following Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon. She wondered vaguely

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

Love, when lodging in the bosom of a determined young man, can work wonders

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Barbara Palvin wears 104 Mafia Gloss.

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BAZAAR BEAUTY

Edited by SOPHIE BLOOMFIELD

SUMMER OF LOVE

The art of relaxed, tousled hair; plus: Edie Campbell's beauty secrets; and what to pack for holiday glamour

Photographs by EMMA TEMPEST

Styled by FLORRIE THOMAS



Devoré top, £875,
Stella McCartney

EMMA TEMPEST ▶

£16.90
Nioxin

Resistance Therapist Masque, £28.50 **Kérastase**

Nutritive Shampoo, £14
Nexxus

£7.49
Toni & Guy

£145 **GHD**

EASY DOES IT

Master the art of effortless, undone hair with a relaxed, textured finish

By VICTORIA HALL

Is the 'undone' look really a hair trend at all? Most women wish they could wake up with textured, frizz-free, healthy looking tresses every day. The style has flooded the catwalks for the past two seasons, and Calvin Klein, Chloé and Roland Mouret prove that it is relevant to autumn/winter 2015 too. 'The ideal texture is like a day-old blow-dry, it's low-key but still fresh,' explained the hair stylist Syd Hayes backstage at the shows. Designers want to make a statement with their clothes, and a full-bodied blow-dry is too much. This desire for effortless hair is as much led by women as it is by the catwalks; as the stylist Gary Glossman observes, 'My clients don't want a glossy, voluminous blow-dry. It's chicer to have a more textured, relaxed finish.'

Brands are also tapping into this look with products such as L'Oréal Professionnel Tecni Art Wild Stylers Next Day Hair, and Toni & Guy Matte Texture Dry Shampoo. Tresemmé has brought out a full range, Perfectly (Un)Done. 'It's the first time the brand has launched products based on a specific look rather than an advance in technology,' explains Katherine Frizoni, product research and development manager at Tresemmé.

Refreshingly, unlike the 'no make-up' make-up trend, you don't need a lot of products for this style, or expert skill. It's about finding the right routine for your hair.

£14.99
L'Oréal Professionnel

Nutritive Conditioner, £15
Nexxus

£30 each
HIF

£20
Iluxe

£25
Aveda

£26
Iluxe

THE BASE: When creating such a raw style, 'a clean, hydrated base is the essential starting point,' explains the hair stylist Eugene Souleiman. Whether you have thick or fine locks, the new generation of shampoos and conditioners cleanse rather than strip hair. HIF Colour Support shampoo and Iluxe Saint Barthelemy shampoo take a couple of washes to get used to, as the formulas don't foam, but the results are impressive. Hair feels smoother, as the natural oils haven't been washed away. If you want a more prescriptive approach, Kérastase's new Resistance Therapist range includes a pre-shampoo conditioning rinse for dry and damaged fine hair. Those with thicker hair should look to American brand Nexxus' Nutritive Shampoo, and Conditioner, which nourish and soften.

'Don't be afraid to use a mask if your hair needs a boost of hydration,' says Souleiman. If you want to reduce frizz, look to Aveda's Smooth Infusion Smoothing Masque and L'Occitane Aromachology Repairing Mask. Comb the mask through the mid-lengths and ends to smooth your hair without weighing it down. If a lack of volume is your concern, add a thickening spray to your routine. Nioxin Thickening Spray or Aveda Thickening Tonic Styling Spray, £19, sprayed evenly throughout damp locks add instant body and height.

£22 **L'Occitane**

You don't need lots of products for this style, or expert skill

£28
Hershesons

PHOTOGRAPHS: GRAHAM WALSER/HEARST STUDIOS

'To create that sexy wave, tonging is essential for all hair types' – George Northwood



£14.40
Redken



£18
Percy & Reed

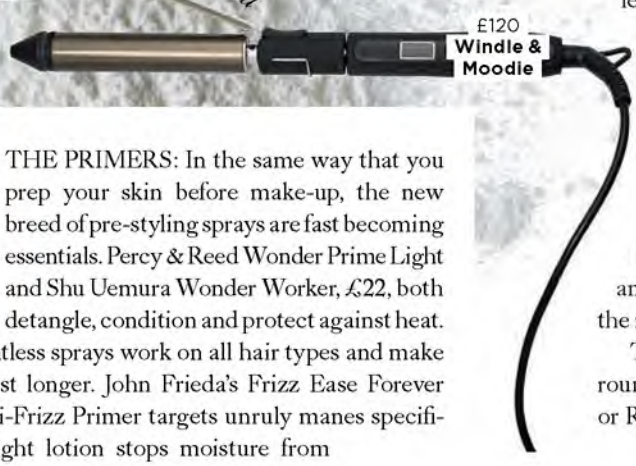


£14 each
Redken

£35
Show Beauty



£21.50
Bumble and Bumble



£120
Windle & Moodie

THE PRIMERS: In the same way that you prep your skin before make-up, the new breed of pre-styling sprays are fast becoming essentials. Percy & Reed Wonder Prime Light and Shu Uemura Wonder Worker, £22, both detangle, condition and protect against heat. These weightless sprays work on all hair types and make your look last longer. John Frieda's Frizz Ease Forever Smooth Anti-Frizz Primer targets unruly manes specifically. The light lotion stops moisture from entering the hair shaft and making it expand; ideal if you're jetting off to humid climates.

THE GADGETS: While leaving your hair to dry naturally is the preferred method for that loose, undone look, few women can spare the time. As a result, hairdryers are to hair what mascara is to make-up: used regularly, but without much attention to particular models. When designing its Aura hairdryer, £145, GHD copied the technology used for jet engines to ensure the air flow was fast and focused. The result is a hairdryer that dries sections and doesn't make the surrounding hair frizzy: the next best thing to leaving your hair to air-dry naturally.



'To create that loose, sexy wave, tonging is essential for all hair types,' says George Northwood. Take random sections of your hair rather than using a uniformed approach, to keep it looking natural. 'Only tong the mid-lengths and leave the roots and ends free,' he adds. Windle & Moodie WAM Revolving Curling Tongs have a clamp, and slowly rotate, making it easier to curl each section. If you want less of a wave and more of a bounce, opt for Babyliss' new Heated Styling Brush, which you simply wrap and hold.

THE TEXTURISERS: There is a difference between undone and unkempt. 'To create that textured, effortless Alexa Chung look, you need a salt spray,' says Northwood. Fudge Salt Spray, £11.18, and Wella Eimi Ocean Spritz, provide texture without leaving tresses feeling crunchy. For those who want a softer finish, look to Windle & Moodie Matte Texture Spray and Bumble and Bumble Dryspun Finish, £21.50. Applied to the roots and mid-lengths, these sprays will take away shine.

To finish, take a few random sections of hair and twist round your fingers using Show Beauty Riche Grooming Balm or R+Co Mannequin Style Paste, £26. This separates locks and produces a loose, tousled finish. If your hair feels dry, Nexxus Encapsulate Serum repairs and smooths, while Redken Extreme Length Sealer conceals split ends.

TOUCH UPS: To maintain effortless texture and volume all day, keep an instant volumiser in your bag. Sprinkle a tiny amount of L'Oréal Professionnel Tecni Art Texture Dust, Redken Powder Grip Mattifying Powder or Bumble and Bumble Pret-a-Powder onto your roots. To keep frizz and flyaways at bay, Ojon Rare Blend Tamer Wand, £12.50, is unrivalled in its weightlessness. □

SALON STARS

The styling:
Josh Wood's speedy Ready Salted styling service gives textured, beach-worthy tresses in under 30 minutes (www.barberandparlour.com). From £15.

The cut:
The key to this look is in the cut and, having perfected Alexa Chung and Rosie Huntington-Whiteley's locks, George Northwood is the man to see (www.georgenorthwood.com). From £300.

The blow-dry:
Whether you want a natural finish or loose bohemian waves, Taylor Taylor has it covered (www.taylortaylorlondon.com). From £40.

LIA MARTIN





£35
Nexxus

£20
Windle & Moodie

£35
Show Beauty



£9.50
Wella



£60
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£13.49
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£7.99
John Frieda

PHOTOGRAPHS: GRAHAM WALSER/HEARST STUDIOS. STELLA McCARTNEY (020 7518 3100)



Ribbed top, £590, Stella McCartney. Hair by Jose Quijano, using Babyliss. Make-up by Sandra Cooke. Shot at Jumby Bay, a Rosewood Resort (+1 268 462 6000; www.rosewoodhotels.com).

Model: Sara Sampaio at Models 1; Sara is a new Victoria's Secret Angel

EMMA TEMPEST



ROLE PLAY

The model Edie Campbell on the art of reinvention

BY VICTORIA HALL



heritage, but stays fresh thanks to constant revisions of its scents (such as adding coffee and chocolate notes) and colours.

Campbell embodies the classic side of YSL and gives it a modern edge, as was first seen last autumn with her inaugural campaign for Black Opium – a fresher, lighter take on the original spice-laden Opium created almost 40 years ago. 'I love the whole world that was created around the original fragrance. Black Opium is a more modern, youthful take on it and feels a bit cooler,' she says. This year, the model has transformed yet again for the make-up campaign, with a blonde pixie crop and light, reflective, make-up. But, Campbell says, the one YSL product she can't survive without is that ubiquitous face-freshener, Touche Eclat. 'I use it all around my eyes, especially if I'm tired or jet-lagged,' she says.

Edie Campbell believes 'the power of transformation should never be underestimated'. Over the past few years, the 24-year-old supermodel has walked catwalks in nothing but body paint, crystals and feathers; adopted the fierce stare of the singer/songwriter Chrissie Hynde with a jet-black mullet; and drooped as elegantly as Twiggy with baby-doll eye make-up on magazine covers. Unsurprisingly, she reveals: 'I am inspired by singers who reinvent themselves, like David Bowie and Kate Bush. I like it when people try to say something through how they look. It's exciting to see in a homogenised world.'

The paradox is that, while she is a chameleon on the catwalk, Campbell, an accomplished jockey, nevertheless describes her own style as 'boyish, sweaty and horsey', and maintains that you don't need to have a bold look to cause a stir; you can make a statement subtly. After all, she says: 'By opting out of the beauty system and not worrying too much, you are still staking a claim and making a position for yourself that tells people a lot.'

It is this ability to endlessly reinvent her look, yet remain true to herself, that makes Campbell a perfect ambassador for YSL Beauté – she is the face of the brand's autumn/winter 2015 make-up collection and the Black Opium fragrances. The house is rich in Parisian


Edie Campbell in the campaign for YSL's Black Orchid scent

EDIE'S BEAUTY SECRETS

ON MAKE-UP

'I don't like using heavy concealers or foundations everyday. I'd rather pinpoint areas that need a little help. I love YSL's Touche Eclat and Babydoll Mascara, £24. For eyebrows, I rely on Marc Jacobs Brow Tamer, about £16, and Charlotte Tilbury's Brow Lift Eyebrow Pencil, £22.50.'

ON SKINCARE

'During the summer, I smother my face in SPF 50, because you tend to get very bad farmer's tan whenever you're riding in the sun. Avène Cold Cream is a saviour during the winter months, when I can get wind and rain burn.'

ON HAIR

'For my colour, I see Josh Wood in London and Victoria Hunter at Whittemore House Salon when I'm in New York. If you suffer with bleached or damaged hair, Philip Kingsley's Elasticizer, £29, will work wonders.' □

PHOTOGRAPHS: EDIE CAMPBELL, YSL BEAUTÉ BLACK OPIUM AMBASSADOR, SHOT BY CRAIG MCDEAN FOR YSL BEAUTÉ; GRAHAM WALSER/HEARST STUDIOS





Neroli & Orchidée Body Milk (sold as part of Beauty Box), £28
L'Occitane



Satin Revitalizing Firming Mask, £110 for 6
Dior



Les Infusions de Prada Oeillet, £84
Prada



£33
Chanel

HOW TO

PACK FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

This month, NEWBY HANDS reveals the beauty essentials for summer in the sun

I have a simple approach to holiday beauty packing: the more the better. Decanting and downsizing have no place in my suitcase, because this is the one time of year when we have both the time and the need to use those face masks, hair treatments and bath skin-softeners; plus, the ritual of preparing for the evening ahead after a long, lazy day on the beach is a positive pleasure, allowing time to indulge in the shimmering body oils and exotic-scented lotions that never quite work on a rainy British weekend.

First the essentials; ever since an eminent research scientist told me that aftersun creams contain high levels of repairing ingredients, and are therefore excellent anti-ageing products, I pack one and continue using it on my return. Sensai's Soothing After Sun Repair Mask makes a good overnight treatment that can then be used weekly when home. For the body, I swear by an aftersun with a small dose of self-tan, like Clarins After Sun Moisturiser Self Tanning, £20, to restore dry skin and enhance your bronzed tone.

Individually wrapped sachet face masks are made for holiday packing, and I take a selection (from Dior, and SK-II's Facial Treatment Masks, £60 for 6) to keep in the mini bar; it's not just UV that causes skin damage – overheating has similarly detrimental effects.



So cooling down with a chilled treatment mask while relaxing in a warm bath (liberally laced with Elemis Jasmine and Rose Milk Bath, £42) is part of my daily holiday ritual. Talking of routines, it does make sense to seek out compact sizes of essentials like face washes and creams, which is why L'Occitane's travel-size Beauty Box is ideal, filled with enough must-haves for a fortnight.

Hair takes a battering from sun, sea water and chlorine, and I suggest slicking it back with Philip Kingsley's near-magical Elasticizer, £29; when you shampoo this mask off, hair is left shining with health, not crispy with sun damage. For a more glamorous poolside appearance, L'Oréal's Solar Sublime spray, £13.49, gives invisible and oil-free protection – follow this each evening with Kérastase Soleil Masque, £26.50, and your post-holiday hair will be in better condition than it was before you left.



After Sun Shimmer Oil, £32
Clarins

Certain staples need adapting for holidays; a favourite scent is better worn in the form of a perfumed body lotion as it gives a softer fragrance and will not 'turn' in the heat (Chanel Cristalle Body Lotion, and Estée Lauder Bronze Goddess, £29, are classics). That said, something light like the exquisite range of Prada Infusions make the perfect warm-weather spritz. Or, the new hair perfumes from Byredo, £37 each (available in their three bestselling scents), make a pretty holiday alternative; as does the gorgeously addictive, warm-scented and gold-flecked body oil from Clarins – the essential for tanned, bare arms and legs. □



Divine Cream (sold as part of Beauty Box), £28
L'Occitane



£82
Sensai



Shea Butter Hand Cream (sold as part of Beauty Box), £28
L'Occitane

TOP TIP

Pack a selection of nail polishes so you can change colours over your trip; Mavala comes in small sizes, or Vinylux, £9.95, gives you a week-long colour.

Newby Hands



Nail varnish, £4.75 **Mavala**

PHOTOGRAPHS: NICOLE BENTLEY/ART+COMMERCE, COURTESY OF NEWBY HANDS, GRAHAM WALSER/HEARST STUDIOS

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ogxbeauty.com | ogxbeauty

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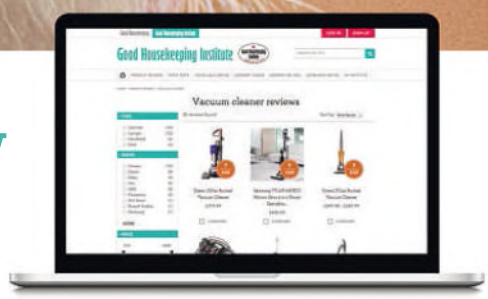


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BAZAAR
ESCAPE
Edited by SASHA SLATER

WILD BLUE YONDER

The enduring allure of Positano. Plus: our favourite European retreats; and the delights of Umbria



The rooftops and harbour of Positano seen from Le Sirenuse hotel

PHOTOGRAPH: SIMON WATSON/TRUNK ARCHIVE

This page and opposite: scenes from the Amalfi Coast surrounding Positano, and interiors of Le Sirenuse hotel

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE GODS

In 1953, *Bazaar* dispatched John Steinbeck to Positano to stay in its now-legendary Le Sirenuse hotel. Today, JUSTINE PICARDIE returns to experience the unique magic of the place



PHOTOGRAPHS: ANETA MAK, ANN-KATHRIN KOCH, COURTESY OF INSTAGRAM.COM/JUSTINE PICARDIE





'Nearly always when you find a place as beautiful as Positano, your impulse is to conceal it,' wrote John Steinbeck in the May 1953 issue of *Harper's Bazaar*. At that point, the American author was at the height of his fame – *East of Eden* had been published the previous year, and *The Grapes of Wrath* was already part of the literary canon – and so his widely read article in *Bazaar* drew immediate attention to this small town on the Amalfi Coast. Yet for the reasons that Steinbeck himself identified at the time, Positano has remained as appealing as it was when he first visited, protected by its extraordinary position on the precipitous hillsides above the bay, where there is no space to build tourist resorts, car parks or new roads.

'Positano bites deep,' observed Steinbeck in *Bazaar*. 'It is a dream place that isn't quite real when you are there and becomes beckoningly real after you have gone. Its houses climb a hill so steep it would be a cliff except that stairs are cut in it… The small curving bay of unbelievably blue and green water lips gently on a beach of small pebbles. There is only one narrow street and it does not come down to the water. Everything else is stairs, some of them as steep as ladders. You do not walk to visit a friend, you either climb or slide.'

'You do not walk to visit a friend, you either climb or slide' – John Steinbeck





This description still holds true today; and the hotel where Steinbeck stayed, Le Sirenuse, remains at the heart of Positano, as alluring as its name suggests. In every bedroom, there is an elegantly bound copy of Steinbeck's essay, along with another small book, entitled *A Journey to Positano*, its pages blank, inviting each guest to write their own story. Much is unchanged since Steinbeck's day, when he and his wife were enchanted by 'an old family house converted into a first class hotel, spotless and cool, with grape arbors over its outside dining rooms. Every room has its own little balcony and looks out over the blue sea to the islands of the sirens from which those ladies sang so sweetly.'



Now, as then, Le Sirenuse is owned by an aristocratic Neapolitan family, the Sersales, who converted their 18th-century summer home into a hotel in 1951. When Steinbeck visited, it was supervised by Marchese Paolo Sersale, at that time the mayor of Positano, and a connoisseur of antiques and paintings, whose collection of heirlooms continues to give the hotel its remarkable charm and character. Since then, Paolo's nephew, Antonio Sersale, has taken over from his father Franco, who died in January this year. Franco's photographs of his journeys around the world – to Ethiopia, Papua New Guinea, Tibet and Afghanistan – add another element of interest to the distinguished family portraits that hang on the walls (one of the venerable Sersale ancestors was a cardinal; another a sea-faring nobleman of the 16th century). Meanwhile,



This page and opposite: Positano, and Le Sirenuse's elegant spaces







Le Sirenuse is at the heart of Positano, as alluring as its name suggests

Antonio and his wife Carla (who is also responsible for the hotel's stylish boutique) are adding to the eclectic collection with contemporary pieces, including a new work by the Turner Prize-winning artist Martin Creed that will be installed later this year.

The overall effect is beguiling, as though one were staying with remarkably hospitable friends with exquisite good taste, supremely high standards of housekeeping, excellent staff and a Michelin-starred chef. The guest rooms are beautifully decorated with antique furniture and original pictures; the modernised bathrooms are luxurious and the beds wonderfully comfortable, made up with fresh white linen. Indeed, such is the pleasure to be had sitting on a balcony outside one's bedroom, admiring the view over the rooftops of Positano, or lounging beside the pool, lulled by the scent of lemon trees, roses and bougainvillea, that it is tempting not to stray beyond Le Sirenuse. But that would be a pity, for Positano is a place that calls to be explored on foot, and with enough time to enjoy getting lost within its labyrinthine maze of pathways.

True, all the steps seem to lead down to the same destination – the beach and harbour, where boats will take you to Capri, passing the archipelago of tiny islands known as Li Galli or Le Sirenuse, after the mythical sirens who were said to reside there. But the stone steps that



circle upwards into the mountains are equally enthralling, leading to a trail known as the Path of the Gods. A steep flight of stairs, just across the road from the hotel, takes you to a small, whitewashed chapel, surrounded by the town's peaceful cemetery, where dozens of graves are arrayed in stone terraces overlooking the sea. If you choose, as I did, to continue climbing upwards, the path leads past a series of walled gardens filled with citrus blossom and lovingly tended vegetable patches. Hundreds of steps onwards, the village houses give way to olive groves, planted on the precipitous hillsides; and every time I thought I'd reached the summit, yet another flight of steps would appear. An hour later, I was still climbing, and the air was sweet and cool, high in the mountains above Positano.

I encountered only one other person on this long walk – a local man, carrying a wooden pallet of lettuces from his garden – and he smiled and nodded, but did not stop his swift descent down towards the town. Such was the dream-like sense of timelessness, the clouds wreathing the mountain peaks above me, the blue sea below, unmarked by any sign of modernity, that I half expected to see the shadow of a Roman god – Bacchus or Mercury, perhaps – disappearing just out of sight, into the shade of ancient oaks and fig-trees. But instead, there were only the tiny, darting lizards, and white butterflies, always ahead of me, fluttering in a gentle breeze.

Each time I stopped to catch my breath, there was another impressive panorama to admire; and a faint otherworldliness, as the light shimmered between the sky and the ocean. If a faint echo of a siren's song had drifted upwards from the islands below, I wouldn't have been entirely surprised; instead, there was the gentle call of chiming church bells in Positano, and the promise of a long, cold drink on a peaceful terrace at Le Sirenuse… □

Seven nights, from £1,395 a person B&B, based on two adults sharing a Pool Terrace View Room, including return flights to Naples and return private transfers, with Carrier (0161 492 1357; www.carrier.co.uk).

Stone steps circle upwards, leading to a mountain trail known as the Path of the Gods





PHOTOGRAPHS: ANETA MAK, ANN-KATHRIN KOCH, SIMON WATSON/TRUNK ARCHIVE

LA DOLCE VITA

From a rooftop pool in Istanbul to a waterfront palace overlooking Lake Como, here are *Bazaar*'s favourite European hotels, hideaways and secret retreats

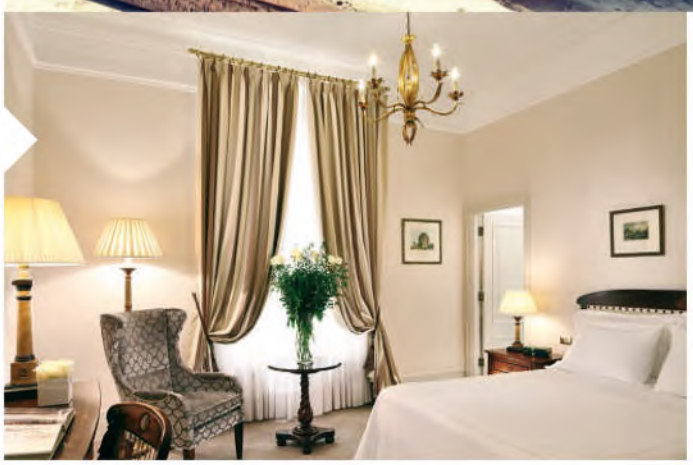


THE BEST FOR: SHOPPING

ROME

When staying at the Hotel Eden, fine jewellery, high fashion and delicious food are just around the corner at the Spanish Steps. It's worth visiting the Bulgari shop, refurbished by Peter Marino last year to celebrate the label's 130th anniversary. For more jewellery, visit Lucia Odescalchi for colourful pieces in semi-precious stones, which she sells from a shop in her family palazzo in Vicolo del Piombo. And now, Delfina Delettrez Fendi has opened a boutique in her native city to sell her whimsical, surrealist creations, on Via del Governo Vecchio. Gammarelli, near the Pantheon, provides clothes and accessories for cardinals, but also the finest cotton and silk socks. Federico Mondello still makes spectacles frames by hand at Mondelliani, and go to Laura Urbinati for monochrome bikinis as worn on beaches from Gallipoli to Porto Ercole. And at the end of a hard day's shopping, what could be finer than a sunset Campari soda at Bar Canova in Piazza del Popolo? Sip it overlooking Bernini's Santa Maria di Montesanto, and Santa Maria dei Miracoli, as aromas wafting from the artisanal chocolatier Moriondo e Gariglio fill the air. GIANLUCA LONGO

Hotel Eden, from about £220 a room a night (+39 06 478121; www.dorchestercollection.com).





THE BEST FOR: DESIGN

COPENHAGEN

Behind an exterior that could belong to an Arabian palace, the Nimb Hotel, next to the Tivoli Gardens, is a temple to Nordic design. Each of the 17 rooms houses a mix of contemporary ceramics and antique knick-knacks, and the palette of soft greys, dark oak and Oland-stone floors is at once chic and calming. In the city, one-of-a-kind boutiques sit happily alongside flagship stores from Danish classics like Hay (Hay.dk) and Gubi (Gubi.dk). But after a day wandering the cosy knot of small streets in the old town centre, don't miss the opportunity to curl up with a book by the hotel's large stone fireplace. EMMA SHAW

Hotel Nimb, from £615 a room a night (+45 88 700 000; hotel.nimb.dk).

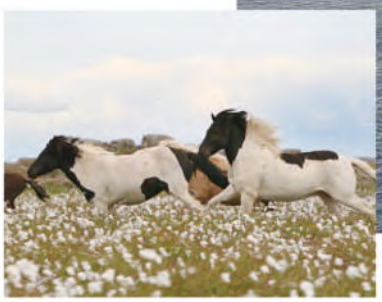


THE BEST FOR: ADVENTURE

ICELAND

They shot *Noah* here, not to mention *Interstellar*, *Thor* and swathes of *Game of Thrones*. Iceland is Hollywood's chosen destination for grandeur, otherworldliness and the sheer magical beauty Mother Nature is capable of when left to her own devices. We flew in the helicopter Tom Cruise uses over lava fields towards snowy peaks with boiling-hot rivers pouring down frosty hillsides. We clambered behind the cascade of a huge waterfall slithering on steps wildly festooned with icicles. We saw cliff formations by a black-sand beach that were like a lace so delicate Dior could borrow them for couture inspiration. We rode shaggy, indomitable Icelandic horses up towards glaciers. We bathed in volcano-warmed pools. We watched puffins flit around a haunted lighthouse whose foot-thick stone walls sheltered us for the night, as, wrapped in the warmest Icelandic-wool blankets, we ate crayfish and local lamb. The wonder of everything we saw and did still dazzles me. SASHA SLATER

The Icelandair Stopover experience is available from 1 September for a limited time only (www.icelandair.co.uk/stopover).







THE BEST FOR: NIGHTLIFE

ISTANBUL

Istanbul's Palazzo Corpi in the creative district of Beyoglu now houses the largest Soho House in the world, complete with two rooftop pools, a screening room and a Cowshed spa. Reflecting the city's allure, this relaxed hub has 87 bedrooms, filled with modern Turkish art, and accessories sourced from the city's Grand Bazaar. Dusk draws a sparkling crowd to enjoy Turkish meze on the Mandolin Terrace, with its views across the Golden Horn. Continue the revelry with Eastern Standard cocktails in the Palazzo bar, surrounded by beautifully restored Genoese frescoes, Carrara marble and rosewood doors. Further nocturnal adventures can be had a 10-minute stroll away at Munferit restaurant and bar, while nearby Kilic Ali Pasa is the place for a restorative hammam the next day. LUCY HALFHEAD

Soho House Istanbul, from about £140 a room a night (+90 212 377 7100; www.sohohouseistanbul.com). British Airways (www.ba.com) flies from London Heathrow to Istanbul three times a day, from £169 return.



PHOTOGRAPHS: REGAN CAMERON, GETTY IMAGES



THE BEST FOR: RELAXATION

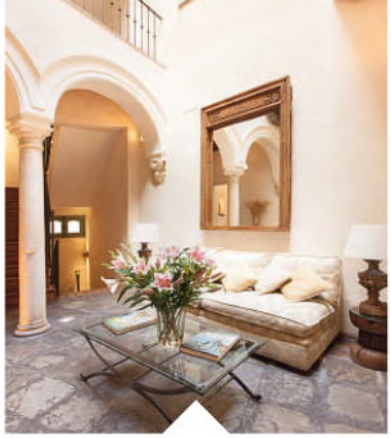
LAKE COMO

An Italian-waterfront incarnation of Wes Anderson's Grand Budapest Hotel, the Grand Hotel Tremezzo is a wistful belle époque-style palace with glorious views onto the proud cypress-trees and stepped pastel façades of the nearby town of Bellagio.



Set within a 100-year-old park, Tremezzo's gold-and-orange front appears between perfumed clouds of magnolia, rhododendron and wisteria. From the warm and friendly staff, to the food – gilded saffron risottos and torta Valentinas, a chocolate-and-almond dessert named after the owner's daughter – a sense of charm and tradition simmers beneath the hotel's grandeur. Just over an hour from Milan's Malpensa airport, Lake Como offers the chance to take a boat trip for some dreamy but serious house-envy – you will find an abundance of pristine neoclassical palazzi and villas with flower-filled steps down to shaky pontoons alongside which polished Rivas bob. EMMA ZACHARIA

Grand Hotel Tremezzo, from about £315 a room a night (+39 0344 42491; www.grandhoteltremezzo.com).

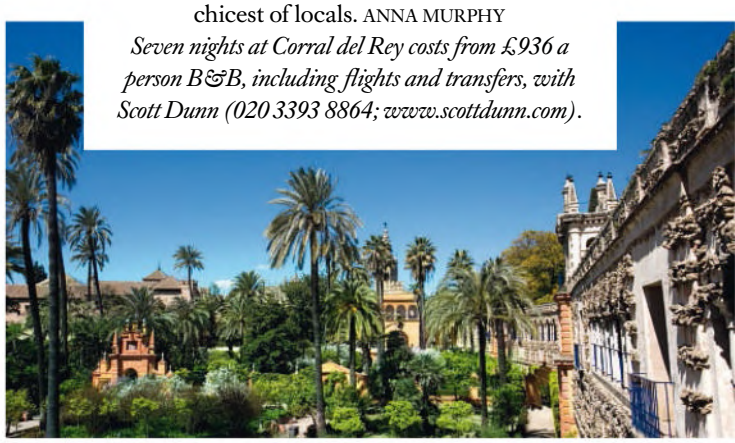


THE BEST FOR: CULTURE

SEVILLE

Why Seville? Because it is, quite simply, one of the loveliest cities to visit in Europe. Small but perfectly formed, it has picturesque winding streets that make as much sense as a ball of string but charm you with their hodge-podge of traditional Andalusian architecture, Moorish extravagance and colourful art deco. This is where you go to find North Africa in Europe: the stunning Alcázar palace rates alongside Granada's better known Alhambra. Summer is hot, hot, hot, but spring and autumn are glorious – the air warm and orange-blossom-scented. Staying at the pretty boutique hotel Corral del Rey, set around a courtyard, makes you feel like the chicest of locals. ANNA MURPHY

Seven nights at Corral del Rey costs from £936 a person B&B, including flights and transfers, with Scott Dunn (020 3393 8864; www.scottdunn.com).





THE BEST FOR: FOOD

MOSCOW

Long, long gone are the days when Russian gastronomy consisted, as one of my gloomier Soviet relatives once said, of 'a boiled potato'. These days, that potato is lavishly sprinkled with caviar and smetana (soured cream). From the Ararat Park Hyatt's legendary Armenian Café Ararat to the organic, farm-to-table delights of LavkaLavka, Moscow's foodie scene has come of age. Gorge on khajapuri – basically bread and cheese, and the most delicious thing ever to come out of the Caucasus – at Genazvale. Dip into the high-society equivalent of home-cooking at the cosy and kitsch Mari Vanna – which also has a branch in Knightsbridge. Chainaya is a hidden-away speakeasy with an excellent cocktail list, while Dom 12 gives a Muscovite take on French bistro hits. Should you want to play with the oligarchs, head for Bolshoi, which is decked in Ralph Lauren furniture and goes long on dark leather and marble. Oh, and that relative of mine? He was Boris Pasternak's son, which I only mention as Dr Zhivago is now the hottest restaurant in town, with the entire State Duma networking there night after night. SASHA SLATER

Ararat Park Hyatt Moscow from £1,597 a night for a Winter Garden Suite (+7 495 783 1234; www.araratparkhyattmoscow.com). □

PHOTOGRAPH: GETTY IMAGES

Travel NOTEBOOK

Elena Perminova

The Russian model heads to the hills of Umbria



Favourite view
'The sunsets and sunrises from the Palazzo's balcony.'



£22
YSL

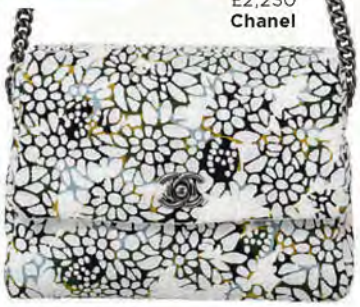
Beauty essentials
'Highlighter from Carmindy & Co, Atelier Cologne Orange Sanguine perfume, Giorgio Armani's Eye & Brow Maestro and Master Corrector, and Valmont Regenerating Masks.'

£75 each
Valmont



£120 for 200 ml
Atelier Cologne





£2,230
Chanel

Favourite place to stay
'Palazzo Terranova for delicious food, solitude and endless romance.'

What's in your carry-on luggage?
'A Chloé Drew bag, YSL lip gloss, Lucas' Papaw Ointment, an iPod Nano and Dior sunglasses.'



Poncho, £1,815
Alberta Ferretti





£880
Maison Michel

£27
Giorgio Armani

What do you pack?
'Bohemian Alberta Ferretti dresses, Valentino sandals, a Maison Michel sunhat, a Chanel evening bag and a Louis Vuitton pendant necklace.'



Best holiday read
'Lying on the Couch by Irvin D Yalom.'





£340
Dior

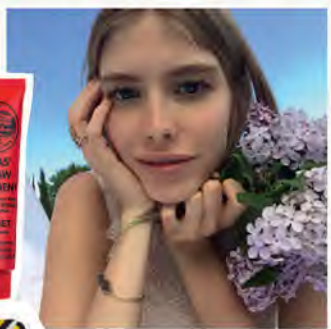
Ideal travelling companion
'Alexander, my husband.'



£270
Louis Vuitton

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Lucas' Papaw Remedies





Three words that describe Umbria: 'Picturesque; fairy-tale; idyllic.'



£700
Valentino Garavani

£1,670
Alberta Ferretti



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...Diane von Furstenberg's chic and practical pouch – perfect for stashing on-the-go essentials you'll need on the flight. Designed in DVF's signature Heritage print, the bold yellow envelope with its geometric design doubles up as a statement clutch once you arrive at your destination.
Heritage-print cosmetic case, sold as part of a trio, £68, Diane von Furstenberg (www.dvf.com).

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF ELENA PERMINOVA, GRAHAM WALSER/HEARST STUDIOS, ELENA PERMINOVA IS PART OF THE STYLEBOP.COM CASH & ROCKET 2015 TOUR TEAM. CHANEL (020 7493 5040), ALBERTA FERRETTI (020 7235 2349), DIOR (020 7172 0172), LOUIS VUITTON (020 7399 4050), VALENTINO GARAVANI (020 7235 5855), MAISON MICHEL (020 7493 0749)





Kirstin Zhang





Hermione Eyre



Shami Chakrabarti, Laline Paull and Justine Picardie



Alexandra Pringle



Esther Freud and Jill Dawson

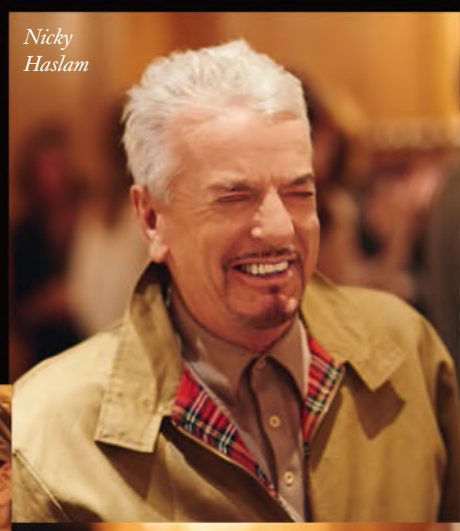


WINNING WAYS

Bazaar's short-story prize was awarded at London's chicest literary party

Edited by HELENA LEE

The Michelin-starred canapés by Brasserie Chavot were one hint that the *Bazaar* short-story prize-giving was to be a glamorous evening. The guest-list was another. An A-list literary crowd arrived at the Westbury Hotel in Mayfair to toast Kirstin Zhang's winning story with Moët-champagne bellinis. Bloomsbury's Alexandra Pringle was the first to offer the writer a hug and warm words; she was swiftly followed by the author Justin Cartwright, *The Mail on Sunday* editor Geordie Greig and the literary agent Caroline Michel. Meanwhile, Salman Rushdie and Helen Fielding were deep in conversation over the foie-gras terrine, as Shami Chakrabarti chatted to Daisy Goodwin. 'The wonderful thing about Kirstin's story is that it's tiny and yet in it there is a whole world,' said Pringle in her congratulatory speech, before whisking the writer into the heart of Soho to talk agents and book deals well into the night. TERESA FITZHERBERT



Nicky Haslam



Daisy Goodwin, Salman Rushdie and Caroline Michel



Helen Fielding



Philip Astor and Geordie Greig



Sienna Guillory

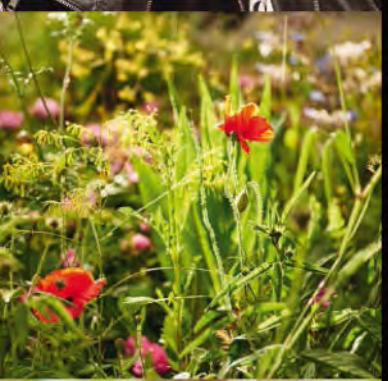


James Basson





Laura Whitmore and Laura Jackson





Jasmine Guinness

PHOTOGRAPHS: OLIVER HOLMS

CHELSEA IN BLOOM

English roses celebrated a Provençal victory in a scented summer garden

Guests including Eva Herzigova and Tom Hooper, who braved a blustery May evening to toast L'Occitane's triumphant Chelsea Flower Show garden, found themselves transported from SW3 to an idyllic Provençal hillside. Jasmine Guinness and Emilia Fox congratulated the garden designer James Basson on his gold-medal-winning display, 'A Perfumer's Garden in Grasse', a scented landscape filled with fig and rosemary hedges, with bright poppies and irises among the wild meadow flowers. When the heavens opened above Royal Hospital Chelsea, Laura Whitmore steered her fellow green-fingered television presenters Lilah Parsons and Laura Jackson to shelter in the stone bathhouse, along with Donna Air and her 11-year-old daughter Freya Air Aspinall. But the clouds soon parted and partygoers including Sienna Guillory, *The Times*' fashion director Anna Murphy and Kelly Hoppen were back in France, enjoying Laurent-Perrier champagne, and goat's cheese and sun-dried-tomato crostini in the late spring sun.

LUCY HALFHEAD



Emilia Fox



Justine Picardie, Kit Braden and Tchaik Chassay



Donna Air and Freya Air Aspinall



Kelly Hoppen and Melissa Odabash

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Jake Gyllenhaal photographed for Esquire by Eric Ray Davidson



'THE REFUGE', CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

why he had chosen Wednesday, which she knew was the day reserved for married daughters, but decided that she would be quite pleased to see him.

Josephine motored down to The Refuge and arrived on the stroke of midday. She was shown into a small Gothic room, reserved for visiting daughters of peers, which was not unlike a dentist's waiting room. On a round table in the middle was displayed the well-known assortment of ancient magazines; there were ferns in the fireplace and a general pervading smell of stuffy mustiness. Here she awaited her father with something less than her usual nervousness on these occasions. Indeed, her mind was at present so much preoccupied as to be scarcely susceptible to its surroundings. When Lord Cowslip came in she greeted him with genuine affection, and they began to talk of this and that.

Presently he said, 'You will be wondering why I sent for you on a Wednesday.'

'Yes, I was rather surprised,' said Josephine, in a not very much interested way. 'But I suppose they've changed the rules, have they?'

'Certainly not. Nothing ever changes here, thank goodness. No, I sent for you on the *married* daughter's day because I intend that you shall leave this building a *married woman*.'

Josephine, who knew that lunatics must be humoured, suppressed a wild desire to giggle and said, 'That will be nice dear. Do tell me all about it.'

'My dearest child, you know that it has long been my wish to see you happily settled with some nice steady young fellow. The only difficulty has been to find someone really suitable. By the happiest possible chance a great friend of my own has turned up here, the very man to make you happy, young (he is three years younger than myself), of good family and unimpeachable character. It is true that he is not at present well off, having, so he tells me, lost all his money on the turf, but what of that? I have settled a little something on you, not much I'm afraid, but enough for you to live in comfort if not luxury, about £50,000 a year. When I die you should be quite nicely off. Westephen – that is the young man's name, my dear – will be with us at any moment now, and then I thought we would go to the chapel where I have arranged with Hansenclaver (our chaplain) that you shall be united immediately.'

Josephine could find no words in which to answer this announcement. She was thinking, 'No, really this is *too* good, how Giles will laugh when I tell him about it,' and then it came over her in a horrid flash that Giles had vanished probably for ever, and her eyes filled with tears.

From far away she heard Lord Cowslip saying, 'This I presume will be he.' Through a mist she saw the door open to admit a stooping, tottering figure of immense age and unparalleled hideosity. Josephine's feelings of vague amusement at the sight soon changed to those of horrified disgust as, before she had time to resist, she suddenly found herself clasped in a pair of senile arms. She was about to utter a piercing scream for help when a familiar voice whispered in her ear, 'Don't be frightened. It's only me. Giles.'

Greatly to Lord Cowslip's gratification, somewhat, it must be admitted, to his surprise, Josephine now lay locked in the arms of his ancient colleague, an expression of the utmost happiness on her face. Half an hour later she allowed herself to be led, without any demur, to the altar, where, in the sight of heaven and some thirty-five insane peers, she was duly married to the man of her father's choice. □

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Your fashion edit

Summer style





KAREN KANE

Fall 2015 marks a milestone for American fashion designer Karen Kane. While her sportswear collection has long been a staple in American stores such as Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom, the designer will celebrate her eponymous brand's 35th anniversary by expanding into accessories such as jewellery and hats.
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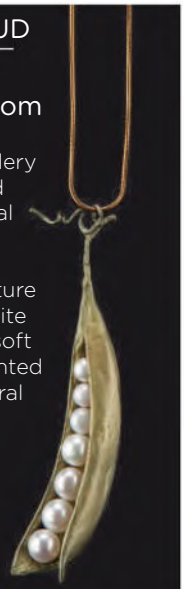
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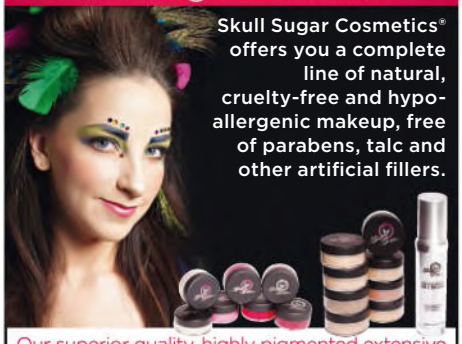
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Model Misti is wearing BB Cream in Light, Eye Pigments in Jungle Fever, Egypt, and Lit. Lip Pot in Pretty Bitch & Blush in Babydoll. Photo by Jubilee Photography

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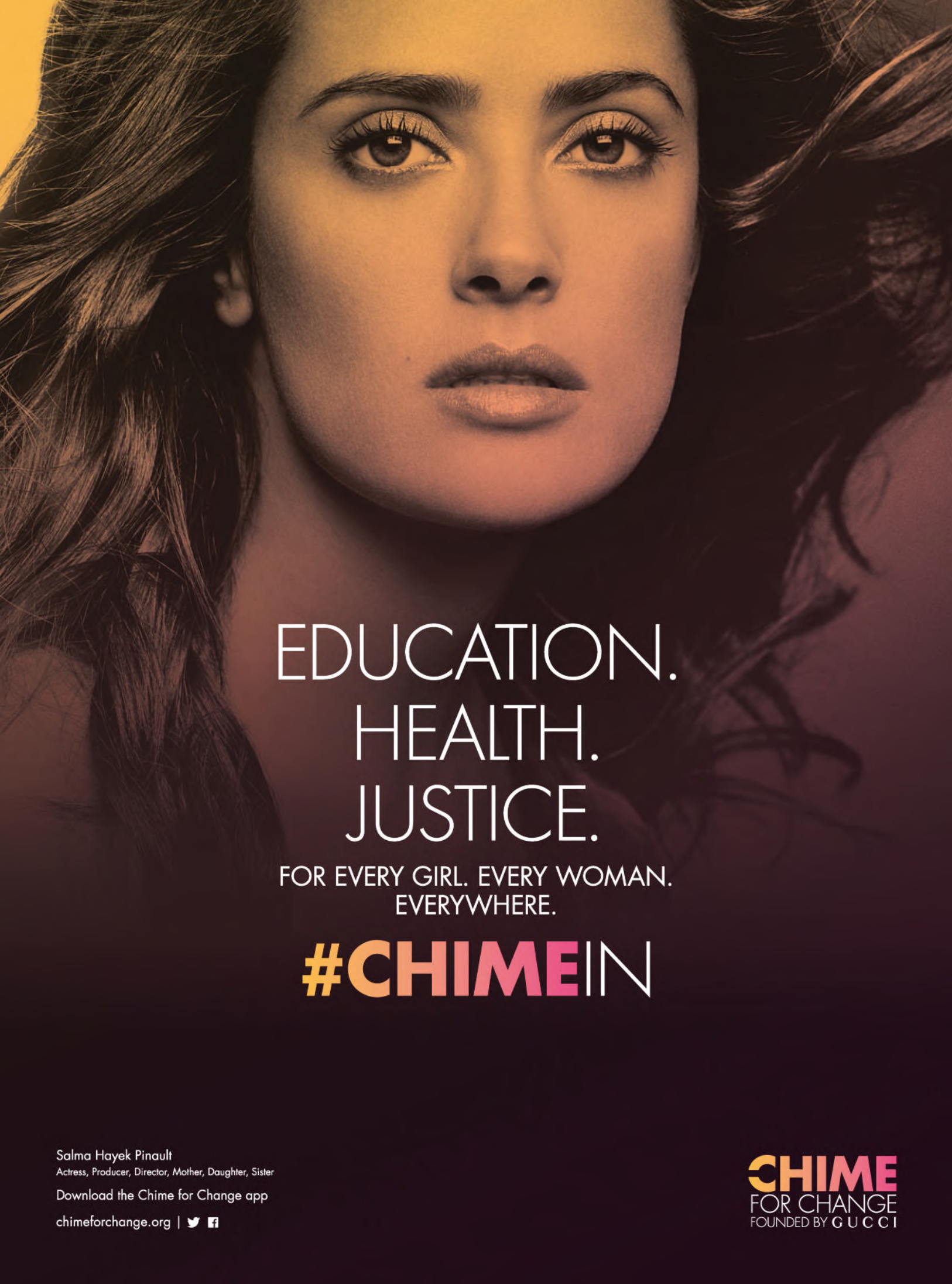
Richard Avedon's December 1958 cover for Bazaar

HOW BAZAAR

Iconic moments from our archives revisited. This month: Richard Avedon's Fifties cover presages today's digital, Snapchat age *By* SASHA SLATER

Fashion and technology have always been intertwined and have always sustained each other. Innovation and the search for the new are, after all, at the heart of both industries. Thus, the August 2015 issue of *Harper's Bazaar* is by no means the first to feature a telephone on the cover, nor the first to celebrate how we communicate and how that evolves. When you are seeking to convey immediacy and modernity, why not reach, as Avedon did for this December 1958 issue, for a handset? The future here is conveyed by the brightness of the colours and the graphic sharpness of the image. There is luxury too, of course, in the dazzling Cartier ring, Lautrec-orange lipstick and fuchsia nail varnish that balance the hard blackness of the Bell System mouthpiece at the centre of the photograph. The words, full of wit and espièglerie, have more than a touch of Diana Vreeland's inimitable, extravagant 'Why don't you…?' column; but their positioning owes everything to the influence of *Bazaar*'s celebrated art director, Alexey Brodovitch, who worked on the magazine from 1934 to 1958. As a rule, he was only too ready to sacrifice attention-grabbing cover lines to the purity and beauty of white space with as few words as possible. Nonetheless, we do get a glimpse of what this particular 1950s *Bazaar* hostess was concerned about – and these matters seem far from present-day preoccupations (locating a suitable reindeer; assembling a sufficiently large house party; and whether George's Santa resembled a Shakesperean tragic hero). However, her sense of the ridiculous, the brevity of expression and scatter-gun shifts of subject matter are all very reminiscent of our Twitter-led, Snapchat conversations of today. How comforting that, in a frenetic world, some things never change.

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